THE

CAMBRO-BRITON.

MARCH, 1822.

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Preliminary Notices.

It will give us great pleasure to afford Ap Edwyn of Tegaingle all the assistance in our power, towards the accomplishment of so praiseworthy a design as the study of his native tongue. Our literature, indeed, does not abound in elementary treatises, but there a few which may be consulted with great advantage: among these we should recommend, particularly, Owen's Grammar, which gives the clearest and most comprehensive view of the principles of the language, of any work hitherto published. The Dictionary too, by the same author, would also be a necessary accompaniment; but, as the large work is become scarce and expensive, we would recommend, as a commencement at least, the abridged edition. To these books we would add the Welsh translation of the Scriptures, which, when our correspondent has mastered the rudiments of the language, would be decidedly the best work for facilitating his farther progress.—We feel obliged to Ap Edwyn for his information, of which we will endeavour to avail ourselves; but, as yet, we have not been able to meet with the book.

Observator is again entitled to our best thanks; he will find that we have made use of all his very acceptable contributions. We wish we had some apology, worthy of his acceptance, to offer for the non-fulfilment of the promise we made in our last; however, we trust, he will soon find, that we have not wholly forgotten it.

We omitted, in our last, to inform Leominstrensis, that his "other etymologies of British names" would be truly "acceptable." He will find, that we have done our best to answer his objections; and, we hope, that nothing we have said will prevent a continuance of his correspondence, a circumstance we should extremely regret.

We sincerely hope, Rhydychenwr is alive and well, and on friendly terms with the ladies of Parnassus. *Verbum sapienti!*

Our apologies are due to Gwilym for having so long neglected to notice his letter; it had really escaped our recollection. He will find, at our Publishers', the answer he wishes.

Brawd Dewi will see that we have, as requested, corrected the two errors in his communication; the first was the printer's, the second, and the more important one, his own.

We have to thank one of the Secretaries of the Cymmrodorion in Powys for his obliging packet; which, however, as it arrived only on the 27th ult., was too late for our present Number. But, he will find, that, by the favour of a friend, the general purport of his kind communication has been anticipated. Should any thing remain to be noticed, we shall attend to it next month.

ERRORS CORRECTED.

No. xxvi. p. 206, l. 25, "*cyntaf*" (*cyntav*). l. 5, of the notes, "vol. ii." (vol. i.) p. 219, l. 20, "pen,' (pren). id. "ei ryw" (eu rhyw). p. 221, l. 32, "*Han* " (*Pan*). p. 250, l. 5 of the notes, "*Gwyddyles*" (*Gwyddeles*).——
[In order to avoid any farther repetition, we shall here again notice, once for all, that the corrected words will always be found within parentheses.]

THE

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NULLI QUIDEM MIHI SATIS ERUDITI VIDENTUR, QUIBUS NOSTRA IGNOTA SUNT. CICERO *de Legibus.*

THE LAWS OF HYWEL.

THE COMMON LAW.

[*Continued from page* 201.]

Of Women *.

If a man shall marry a woman, whom he shall afterwards discover to have been previously violated, and he shall conceal it until the morning after the marriage, he shall take from her nothing that is her due; but, if he shall immediately make the discovery known to the bride-men †, and shall lie with her no longer that night, then she shall have nothing on the following day. * * * * * For which reason the law allows her to clear herself by the oaths of seven persons, namely, of her mother, her father, her brothers, and sisters. But, if she should be unwilling to clear herself, let her shift be torn as high as the hip, and let a year-old bullock, after having his tail greased, be put into her hand, and, if she can hold him, let her take the half of her paraphernalia ‡; and, if she can not, let her go without any §.

* Arch. of Wales, vol. iii. p. 379. Wotton's "Leges Wallicæ," p. 81.

† *Neithiorwyr*:—respecting which word see note in the last Number, p. 201.

‡ *Argyvrau.* Wotton has here "rectius o'i *gwaddawl* vel *agweddi*", but, as it appears, not with much reason. *Gwaddawl* and *agweddi* both mean a marriage portion. Wotton, in a note, explains *argyvrai* to mean "animals given by the wife's parents;" for which, however, he does not seem to have had any good authority: see p. 199, of the last Number.

§ According to other copies of these laws, the woman was to have the bullock or ox for her dowry, if she could hold it, while two men goaded

Whoever shall give a woman in marriage shall pay the commutation-fee * for her, unless he shall have taken sureties from her, that she would pay it herself; and, if she shall, of her own accord, have disposed of herself, she shall pay the fee herself, for she herself was the betrother.

If a woman be privately abduced by a man, and he take her to the house of a gentleman † to sleep, and shall not have taken sureties for the payment of her commutation-fee, he shall pay it himself.

If a man have taken a woman by private abduction, she shall have, at the end of seven years, three bullocks, whose horn and ear are of equal length ‡; and, if she shall lose her privilege, she shall still retain this privilege throughout the seven years. If she have brought with her any paraphernalia, they shall be retained entire throughout the seven years; but, if she allow them to be consumed, she shall have no compensation for what is consumed in food and clothing. At the end of seven years, if three nights shall have passed from the eighth,

it on each side, otherwise only as much soap, as adhered to her hands. It is by no means improbable, that this strange law was the origin of a custom, formerly known in some English manors, where the widow of a vassal, who had been convicted of a violation of the laws of chastity, was condemned to ride backwards on a black ram, holding the tail in her hand, into the lord's court, where, upon the confession of her delinquency, her lands, which had been previously forfeited, were restored to her. The lines, she recited on the occasion, must be familiar to most of our readers; and, if not, we must be excused from repeating them here. Similar to a part of this Welsh law was an ordinance, known to the ancient Saxons, which is thus related by Verstegan.—"If either wife or maid were found in dishonesty, her clothes were cut off round about her, beneath the girdle-stead, and she was whipped and turned out to be derided of the people."—To return to the bullock's tail, it cannot fail to strike our readers, that the custom may have had some connection with the old Welsh proverbs, of which we made honourable mention in our twenty-fifth Number, p. 170, to which we beg to refer the curious inquirer.

* The original word is *amobrwy*, which was a fine payable to the lord, or, according to some authorities, to the lord or father, on the marriage of a female vassal. Dr. Davies, accordingly, renders it by "pretium virginitatis," which would assimilate it to the *cowyll*, except that the latter was payable to the woman herself. See a note in the last Number, p. 199.

† The word here is *uchelwr*, which means, literally, a man of superior quality. It implied, likewise, a freeholder, or a gentleman.

‡ The original expression here seems to have been misunderstood by Wotton, who renders it by "capita diminuta." The words are "*cyhyd eu corn ac eu hysgyvarn.*"

they* shall be divided into two parts with her, in the same manner as if she had been a betrothed wife; for a wife, whether by abduction or by betrothment, shall not be detained by virtue of her portion †, except to the end of the seventh year. After that they shall divide in two parts.

Whoever shall sleep three nights with a woman, from the time the fire is put out at night until it is lighted again in the morning, and then wishes to separate from her, shall pay her an ox, worth twenty pence, another worth thirty pence, and another worth sixty pence; and, if he take her to his own house and estate, and live with her to the end of seven years, he shall divide with her as with a wife, who had been betrothed to him.

There are three legal marriage portions:—the portion of a king's daughter four and twenty pounds, and her maiden-fee ‡ eight pounds; the portion of a gentleman's daughter three pounds, and her maiden-fee a pound; the portion of a vassal's § daughter a pound, and her maiden-fee four and twenty pence.

* * * * *

If a man separate from his wife, and she be pregnant at the time of the separation, half a year shall be allowed to her from that period for supporting the child she bears; and, after the child is born, the sustenance of it belongs to her to the end of the year, out of the goods of her husband, be he willing or not. These are the goods he ought to supply: a milch cow, a petticoat worth four pence, a pan worth a penny, and a cart-load of the best corn from her father's township ‖; and that to the end of the year on account of her sustenance of the child. After this, she shall herself support it for half a year; and from that time forward she is not compellable to maintain it, except

* Namely, her *argyvrau*.

† *Agweddi*:—see a note in the last Number, p. 196.

‡ *Cowyll*:—see *ibid*, p. 199.

§ In the original *mab aillt*, which means an adopted son as well as a servant or vassal. The latter, however, seems to be the signification here. The clause, in which this word occurs, is not to be found in Wotton's edition.

‖ The original word in the Archaiology is *trev*: in other copies it is *tir*. The articles, to be provided by the father for the support of a gentleman's child, differed from those above mentioned. Among them were a sheep with the fleece and lamb, a cake of tallow, and a cart-load of corn to make *uwd* for the child.

as to her own part, unless she choose. And from that time, to the end of fourteen years, two parts of the maintenance belong to the father, and the third to the mother; and at the end of fourteen years the father ought to take him to the lord *, that he may do homage to him †; and from that time forth he shall be at the cost of the lord.

* * * * *

If a man commit a rape on a woman, and confess it, let him pay twelve cows as a forfeiture to the lord, and also the lord's fine; and, if it be a maid, her maiden-fee and her marriage portion to the utmost amount, that he ought, and her satisfaction ‡, and her warranty §; and, if it be a married woman, her satisfaction for the insult encreased by one-half.

If a man take a maiden by private abduction, it shall be lawful for her lord and her family || to rescue her from him, even against his consent. But, in the case of a widow, she cannot be rescued, even although she has been secretly taken away, unless she herself wish it.

The three chief indispensable things appertaining to a woman are her maiden-fee, her satisfaction for insult, and her fine for loss of enjoyment ¶. These are called the three chief indispensable things, as being the three marriage indispensables of a woman, and she cannot, on any account, be deprived of them. Her maiden-fee is that which she receives for her coverture. Her satisfaction for insult is for every thing her husband shall do to her, except three things: these three things are her chastisement for giving away what she ought not to give, and for being found with another man, and for wishing

* For some observations on the term *arglwydd* see the last Number, p. 247.

† The original word is *gwrhäu*, which Dr. Davies translates "dedere se, homagium facere, fidelitatem promittere." It is rather singular, that this sense of the word has escaped Mr. Owen, who has merely "to render or become manly," which is, indeed, its ordinary acceptation.

‡ *Gwynebgwerth*:—see the last Number, p. 197, in the notes.

§ *Dilysrwydd*:—this word is, literally, certainty or security, and is explained, in another part of the Laws, to imply the warranty made by a vendor to a purchaser, to ensure the right of the latter to the thing purchased. It seems to be used in a different sense here.

|| In the original it is *cenedl*, which means also a tribe or clan: its particular application here is uncertain.

¶ *Gowwyn*.

disgrace on her husband's beard. And, if she be beaten for being detected with another man, she ought not to suffer any forfeiture in addition to that; for there ought not to be forfeiture* and punishment for one offence. Her fine for loss of enjoyment is when she shall detect her husband with another woman, when he shall pay her six score pence, and for the second time a pound, and, if he be detected a third time, she shall be separated from him without the loss of any of her property; and the goods, she shall receive in satisfaction for these three things, shall be her portion aprat from her husband.

The king's wife may, without the consent of the king, give away the third part of such utensils as belong to the king.

The wife of a gentleman's son may give away her cloak, her shift, her shoes, her head-cloth, her meat, her drink, the contents of her store-room, and the loan of all her furniture.

The wife of a vassal can give nothing, except the loan of her sieve, and the cock, as far as his voice can be heard off the dung-hill, and her bonnet of three stays †.

A woman, when she has been slept with, ought not to quit the house until the end of the ninth day; and, when she has separated from her husband, she ought not to quit it until the end of the ninth day, and then after the last penny; and, when her husband is dead, she ought not to leave the house until the end of the ninth day, and then after the last penny.

From three causes is a wife entitled to her commutation-fee: from endowment and entail, if she have not been slept with; the second, from open cohabitation, if there be no endowment; the third, from a state of pregnancy.

The commutation-fee of the daughter of the house-steward is a pound; that of the steward's daughter six score pence; that of the daughter of a chief of a family ‡ a pound, and six score pence; that of the daughter of a gentleman six score pence; that of the daughter of a vassal four score pence;

* *Divwyn*—which is of a meaning somewhat similar to the last: it seems to import here any penalty, that might be inflicted on the wife, besides corporal chastisement.

† The original words are *pencuoch tri gorsav*, the meaning of which we do not exactly comprehend: they necessarily refer to some head-dress formerly worn by the lower class of females in Wales.

‡ *Pencenedl*:—see p. 207 of the last Number.

that of the daughter of a stranger * four and twenty pence; that of the daughter of every head-officer, with respect to some, a pound,—with respect to others, six score pence; that of the daughters of other officers, with respect to some, six score pence, with respect to others, three score; that of a female vassal, twelve pence †.

[*To be continued.*]

DIDACTICS OF GERAINT.

THE "CHOICE THINGS" OF GERAINT THE BLUE BARD ‡.

A morning bright and calm, and birds joining in song;
Trefoils sparkling with drops of passing dew;
A cloudless welkin, with a plain of smooth turf;
The matin song of a lark and a black-bird on the bush;
The trilling shrill note of the nightingale from a near woody cove;
A pebble-bottomed rippling brook, and pasture decked with flowers;
The discourse of birds, with weather sunny and mild;
A sweet and healthy sky, with a stag on a spangled path;
The concert of hounds, the voice of lambs and sheep;
A sweet-tuned harp, with a sweetly-impassioned lay;
A song of ardent love from the sweet lip of a fair maid;
A merry and handy damsel, and the fruitfulness of genius;
A grove verdant and lovely, and fondly spoken words;
Courteous society, and the sight of a dexterous feat;
Old sweetly-savoured mead, and habitual kindness;
A lady perfectly beautiful, and a speech wisely splendid;
A home-range of easy paths, and the concealment of a secret;

* *Alltud*:—the word means, commonly, an alien or stranger, but is often used in the Welsh Laws for the farmer of another's land, or a tenant.

† The last seven clauses, here translated, do not occur in Wotton's edition.

‡ Arch. of Wales, vol. iii. p. 106. The original is in rhymed couplets of ten syllables each; every couplet corresponding with a line in this translation.

A softly sweet glance of the eye, and love without wantonness;
The salute of a fair maid on a verdant glade;
A faithfully discreet love-messenger, and a friend of good understanding;
Amiableness in conversation, and the hatred of an old jealous pate;
A secluded walking-place to caress one that is fair and slender;
To love one that loves me, and to obtain one that may advise me;
To reside by the margin of a brook in a tranquil dell of dry soil;
A house small and warm, fronting the bright sun-shine;
A wisely indited book of genius, profound in reflection;
The visiting of poets, and the welcoming of the wise;
The disputation of songs, and expressions correctly sweet;
To enjoy my friends from among bards pre-eminent;
To enjoy my mistress in the bands of ardent love;
And, in having the fond fair, while I live to conceal her.

THE "OBNOXIOUS PEOPLE" OF THE BLUE BARD *.

1. A man without religion and virtue:
2. A youth without learning and art:
3. A female without shame:
4. A servant without fear and humility:
5. One that is poor and over proud:
6. One that is proud of his bad feats:
7. One who boasts of what is disgraceful to him:
8. One who is wealthy by theft and extortion:
9. An unamusing and irregular bard:
10. A bishop without goodly acquirements of knowledge:
11. A man who loves not his kindred:
12. A parish without a minister:
13. An unconscientious usurer:
14. A rapacious king:
15. A judge without merciful equity:
16. One that is wise without good works:
17. One that laughs at every thing without considering why:
18. One that takes offence without a cause:

* Arch. of Wales, vol. iii. p. 107.

19. One that has had instruction without mending his life:
20. One that has not seen and desires not to see:
21. One that is stubborn against all reasoning:
22. One that is timid in every thing:
23. The habitual liar:
24. One that says yes with every body:
25. That disputes against every one:
26. That speaks his mind where it is not sought for:
27. That stays behind in every difficulty:
28. The habitual slanderer:
29. The flatterer of every body:
30. One who loves intermeddling and fighting without a cause.

GENEALOGY OF THE SAINTS*.

[*Continued from p.* 204.]

G.

GALLGO, the son of Caw of Prydyn, and the brother of Cafo, Eugrad, Maelog, Peirio, and Cwyllog. Llanallgo in Mon is dedicated to him.

GARMON, the son of Ridicus, a native of France, who came into this island in the time of Gwrtheyrn Gwrthenau. In ecclesiastical history he is called Germanus. Several churches in Wales are dedicated to him.

GERWYN, one of the sons of Brychan, a saint in Cornwall.

GOLEUDDYDD, one of the daughters of Brychan, a saint at Llanhesgin, in Gwent.

GORVYW, a saint whose pedigree is not mentioned. Capel Gorvyw, at Bangor uwch Conwy, is named after him.

GREDVYW, a saint who lies buried at Llanllyvni, in Arvon.

GREDIVEL, the son of Ithael Hael of Llydaw, and the brother of Flewyn. His shrine is at Pen Mynydd in Mon.

GRWST, the son of Gwaith Hengaer ab Elfin ab Urien. His mother was Euronwy, or Crierwy, the daughter of Clydno Eiddyn ab Cynwyd Cynwydion ab Cynvelyn. Llanrwst in Denbighshire is dedicated to him.

* Arch. of Wales, vol. ii. p. 42—45.

GWAWR, one of the daughters of Brychan, the wife of Elidyr Lydanwyn, and the mother of Llywarch Hen.

GWEN, one of the daughters of Brychan, otherwise called Gwènan. Her shrine is said to be at Talgarth; but which is also said to be the shrine of Clodvaith.

GWEN TEIRBRON, the daughter of Emyr Llydaw, and the mother of Cadvan.

GWENDDYDD, one of the daughters of Brychan, otherwise called Gwawrddydd. The manuscripts confound her with her sister Tangwystl, as the wife of Cadell Deyrn Llug, and the mother of Cyngen, the father of Brochwel Ysgithrog. Her grave is at Towyn in Meirion.

GWENVAEN, the daugher of Pawl Hen of Manaw, and the sister of Gwyngeneu and Peulan; and their mother was Angad Coleion. There is a chapel dedicated to her at Rhoscolyn, in Mon, and where there is also Fynnon Gwenvaen, or the well of Gwenvaen.

GWENOG, a saint whose pedigree is not given, unless he was the same as Gwynog. Llanwenog, in Ceredigion, is dedicated to him. "*Gwenog helpa!*" is an invocation used in the laws for the confirmation of particular rights*.

GWENLLWYVO, a saint whose pedigree is not given, and to whom Llanwenllwyvo, in Mon, is dedicated.

GWLADUS, of the daughters of Brychan. She was the wife of Gwynlliw ab Gliwys ab Tegid ab Cadell Deyrn Llug, and the mother of Catwg and Gliwys Cernyw.

GWRGON, one of the daughters of Brychan, and the wife of Cadrod Calchvynydd, who was ravished by Tynwedd Vaglog in Rhydau Tynwedd.

GWRHAI, one of the sons of Caw. He was buried at Penystrywiad, in Arwystli.

GWRNERTH, the son of Llywelyn, a saint buried at Trallwng. There are some moral verses composed by him in the Archaiology of Wales.

GWRTHELI, a saint whose pedigree is not given. There is a chapel named after him in the parish of Llan Dewi Brevi, in Ceredigion. "*Gwrthiau alarch Gwrtheli*"—The miracles of the swan of Gwrtheli—is a passage in an old poem.

* Arch. of Wales, vol. iii. p. 332. See also No. 25 of the CAMBRO-BRITON, p. 137.

Gwyddvarch, the son of Amlarys or Malarys, a prince of the Pwyl, or Poland. He was buried at Meivod.

Gwyngawr, one of the sons of Gildas ab Caw.

Gwyngeneu, the son of Pawl Hen of the North, and the brother of Gwenvaen. There is a chapel named after him near Caer Gybi, or Holyhead.

Gwynlliw, the son of Cyngar ab Arthog ab Ceredig ab Cunedda, and the cousin of Cynvelyn ab Bleiddud. He is also called Gwynlleu ab Garthog.

Gwynodl, the son of king Seithenin of Maes Gwyddno, whose land was overflowed by the sea. Llangwynodl, near Pwlheli, in Lleyn, is dedicated to him.

Gwynog, one of the sons of Gildas ab Caw. Near the church of Llangwm Dinmael the chapels of Gwynog and his brother Noethon are now converted to a mill and a kiln.

Gwynyn, one of the sons of Helig ab Glànog, of Tyno Heli, whose land was overflowed by the sea. See Boda and Brothen.

H.

Hawystl, one of the daughters of Brychan. "Hawystl is a saint in Caer Hawystl"—but where this is situated is not known.

Helig, the son of Glànog, of Tyno Helig, whose land was overflowed by the sea. He was the father of Boda, Brothen, and Gwynyn.

Hychan, one of the sons of Brychan. Llan Hychan in the vale of Clwyd is dedicated to him.

Hywyn, the son of Gwyndav Hen of Llydaw. He was confessor to Cadvan and the other saints his contemporaries, in the Isle of Enlli, or Bardsey.

I.

Idloes, the son of Gwyddnabi ab Llawvrodedd Varvog, or Llawvrodedd Varvog Coch, and Llawvrodedd Varchog Coch. Llan Idloes, in Montgomeryshire is dedicated to him.

Iddew Corn Prydain, the son of Cawrda ab Caradog Vreichvras ab Llyr Merini*.

* Iddew, otherwise Iddawg, is recorded in the Triads as a holder of one of the three treacherous meetings of the Isle of Britain. See vol. i. of this Work, p. 171.

Iestin, the son of Geraint ab Erbin ab Cystennyn Gorneu ab Cynvar ab Tudwal Morvawr. Llan Iestin, in Caermarthenshire, is dedicated to him.

Iestin, the son of Caden ab Cynan ab Eudav ab Caradog ab Bran ab Llyr Llediaith.

Ilar, a saint whose origin is not known, unless he be the same as St. Hilary. He is sometimes styled Ilar Bysgodwr, or Ilar the Fisherman. Llan Ilar, in Ceredigion, is dedicated to him: and St. Hilary's day is the time of the wake there.

Ilid, one of the teachers that accompanied the family of Caradog on its return from Rome; and who, in some books, is called *Gwr o Israel*, or a Man of Israel. There is a Llan Ilid in Glamorganshire.

[*To be continued.*]

EXCERPTA.

The subject of the following *excerptum* is one of considerable interest to those, who take any delight in tracing to their source the various mythological superstitions, that anciently composed the religious creed of the greatest part of the earth. For, by ascertaining the affinities that exist, in this respect, between such portions of the globe as are most remotely dissevered, we arrive at a demonstrative conclusion, that the customs or traditions, in which this similarity prevails, must be traced to one common origin. Thus it appears to be with respect to the mythological notions of the Hindoos and those of the ancient Cymry, between which there are several points of resemblance, that never could have been the result of mere accident; they must have been the wrecks of that primitive system, which prevailed amongst both nations, when united, during the infancy of the world, in one social community. The following letter, extracted from the Monthly Magazine, touches but partially on the subject; yet, what little it communicates is particularly interesting, and the more so, as coming from a writer so well qualified to make the necessary researches. It is our intention, on a future occasion, to enter more at large into this curious enquiry *;

* For some incidental notices of this subject in our former pages the reader is referred to vol. i. p. 128 and vol. ii. p. 389.

for the present, we shall close our few introductory remarks with a quotation from the "Mythology and Rites of the Druids," wherein the learned author takes a general but judicious view of a question, which, however, we think, the particular character of his work might have justified him in discussing much more minutely.

"How are we to account," observes Mr. Davies*, "for such a coincidence in the mythology of nations so widely separated? Perhaps, it would not be an unreasonable supposition, that the rudiments of those fanciful systems, which prevailed over the Gentile world, whatever changes they may afterwards have undergone from local corruption and mutual intercourse, were laid before the nations separated from the patriarchal stock. How are we otherwise to account for the prevalence of the same fabulous relations and commemorative symbols in the east of Asia and amongst a sequestered people in the west of Europe? I am aware, that this difficulty has generally been solved by the supposition, that certain Eastern sages, in some distant age, found their way into these remote regions. But the experience of our countrymen and neighbours, for the last three hundred years, may serve to convince us, that a new religion, *essentially* different from that of an established society, whether polished or barbarous, is not easily introduced. However this may have been, it is curious to observe in the old poems and tales of the Britons, and in the ancient books of the Hindoos, the same train of superstitious ideas."

CONFORMITY BETWEEN INDIAN AND BARDIC THEOLOGY†.

"To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine."

"Sir,—Whenever I have the curiosity to look into books, which treat of the antiquities of India, I am surprised what a close affinity is to be discovered between the original language of that part of the world and the bardic system and language of Wales. This has made me very anxious for the acquaintance of a scholar in the Shanscrit, and I have altogether been unsuccessful; but, perhaps, Sir, there may be, amongst the

* Mythology and Rites, &c. p. 227.

† Monthly Magazine, vol. iv. p. 342.

readers of your Magazine, some one capable of communicating many curious illustrations upon the subject*. The following comparison is made of notes, which I took in reading Sir W. Jones's translation of the Laws of *Menu*, and are offered to your notice as a specimen of the affinity which I have mentioned.

"Laws of Menu."	*"The Welsh,"*
"*Menu*, supposed to be the same with the *Mneues* of Egypt, and the *Minos* of Greece. *Pref.* p. viii. *Menu* with his divine bull. *Apis* and *Mneues*—both representations of some personage. *Minos* under the emblem of the *Minotaur*. The bull *Mnenes* the first law-giver, p. ix. The etymology of *Menu* from the root *Men*, to understand, also intelligent. It has also an affinity with *Menes, mens*, and mind. P. x.	"The Welsh have preserved the names of a few mythological personages, and amongst these *Menu* is one. In one of the Triads we have *Menu*, the son of the Three Utterances or Cries, as one of the three persons having the power of fascination and of becoming invisible. In another Triad *Menu* is one of the three chief magicians: in another he is reckoned one who had the power of illusion†. The word *Menu* has the same abstract meaning in the Welsh as is given of the Indian name,—the power of intellect; and from the same root is derived *menydd* or *emenydd*, the brain.
"The first *Menu* supposed to be *Adam: Brahma* taught his laws to *Menu* in 100,000 verses. P. xi.	"Once there was only the good muse, which Adam had originally from heaven.—*Bardism.*
"The 100,000 verses, containing the aws, were arranged under twenty-four heads. P. xii.	"The twenty-four metrical canons embrace all the possible varieties of metres.
"*Minotaur, Minotaurus.*	"*Menu-taru*, the *Bull Menu*, or the *Bull Intellect.*
"Oblation to be made, accompanied with the *three mighty words*—Earth, Sky, Heaven. P. xii.	"*Menu*, the son of the *Three loud Utterances.*

* Should any of the readers of the CAMBRO-BRITON possess any information of this nature, we need scarcely add, that it would be most gratefully received. The author of the late Gwyneddigion Prize-poem on the "Fall of Llywelyn" states, in a note, something on this subject, with reference to some lines of Taliesin, which it would be very desirable to have more fully explained.

† See CAMBRO-BRITON, vol. ii. pp. 389, 390.

"*Laws of Menu.*"	"*The Welsh.*"
"*Nared*, the sage among Gods, P. xii.	"*Nar*, a supreme; plural *Naredd*. *Nared*, a supreme state.
"*Nara*, the Spirit of God: *Ayana*, place of motion; the Deity is thence named *Narayana*, moving on the waters. P. 2.	"*Nara*, a flux of the supreme: *an*, to go, to move; *auan*, moving; *auanai*, that moves. '*Bid euain alltud*,' let the stranger be in motion. *Ll: Hen.*
"*Antara*, a period of the reign of each *Menu*. P. 9.	"*Antur*, *antura*, a going onward, a venture.
"*Menwantara*, the reign of *Menu*. P. 11.	"*Menw-antura*, the venturing onward, course, or sway of *Menw* or intellect.
"*Agni*, regent of fire. P. 62.	"*Egni*, ardency, energy.
"*Indra*, regent of the atmosphere.	"*Hin*, the atmosphere, the weather; *hindra*, the state, or sway, of the weather.
"*Viasya:* let the *Viasya* be always attentive to agriculture. P. 287.	"Bid i *vaesai* ovalu yn wastad am drîn tîr.—Let the *fieldman* be taking care continually of agriculture.
"*Gandharvas*, aerial musicians.	*Gwyntoarweis*, youths of the wind music; *gwyntarwest*, wind music.
"*Gour*, a name for Bengal. P. 12.	"*Gwyr*, (*gower* in the English orthography,) land jutting into the sea, a peninsula. *Bengal*, the fair high-land, or head land.
"*Huta*, that is offered; a name given to the sacraments.	"*Huta*, *hudu*, an offer, also, the imperative of the verb, take. *Gwell un hwta na na dau a daw.* One offer is better than two promises.

"This comparison might be extended to a great length; but I am induced to conclude, lest it should not appear sufficiently interesting. I remain, Sir, your's &c.

"MEIRION."

WELSH MUSIC.—No. XIV.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—"Mentra Gwen," *Venture Gwen*, is a peculiarly elegant melody, and possesses much originality; though the last eight bars are very similar to "The Melody of North Wales." Yet the commencement is strikingly novel. The words, adapted to it by Mr. J. Jones, are very appropriate; it is a serenade called "Ellen Dear." The note, which accompanies it, may amuse those who are strangers to the ancient customs of the Cymry; I shall therefore transcribe it :—

"Serenading used to be very prevalent in Wales formerly. There is still a curious custom on May-day morning, when the swains deck a bough of rosemary with white ribbands, &c. and place it at the chamber-window of the fair ones whom they admire. But a different present is left at the doors of those, whom they are not on friendly terms with: a *penglog*, i. e. a horse's head, is procured from a tan-yard, and made fast to the latch, to the no small annoyance, and even disgrace, of the nymphs, who are anxiously looking out for the "Garland of Love."

"Meillionen," *The Trefoil*, but better known as Sir Watkin's Delight, follows *Mentra Gwen*, with words adapted to it by one, of whom I could say much, were I addressing any other person but the author of "The Heroes of Cymru," which appeared in No. 14 of the CAMBRO-BRITON.

"Wyres Ned Pugh," *Ned Pughe's Grand-daughter*, is a favourite air, with the pennillion-singers; the metre is similar to that of Llwyn Onn. "The Exile of Cambria," written by a lady expressly for this work, is a song calculated to warm the *calonau* of the *Cymry*, when distant from the "Hills of their Fathers."

"Rheged"—Query—whether *Reged*, or *Rheged*, the Welsh for liberality, bounty, &c. &c. or *Urien Rheged*, a distinguished chieftain who flourished about the latter part of the fifth century. The melody is a most elegant, flowing composition, and, if it be very ancient, it certainly bespeaks more refinement and feeling than are generally attributed to a rude people; such as

some authors would fain make us believe our forefathers were.

"Tri chánt o Bunnau,"—*Three Hundred Pounds.* This bold and energetic air was noticed in my seventh letter, (vol. i. p. 416) and is merely mentioned here, because the fine song of the "Hirlas Horn," written by Mrs. Hemans, was inserted in the last Number* of the CAMBRO-BRITON, as adapted to this melody.

"Rhyvelgyrch Gwyr Harlech,"—*The March of the Men of Harlech.* This fine and characteristic air has also been noticed in vol. i. p. 95. The subject of the words, adapted to it, is "The Death of Llywelyn," written by the author of the "Heroes of Cymru," who, I hope, will gratify your readers by inserting the poem in the CAMBRO-BRITON.

Very few can conceive the difficulty there is in writing English words to some of the Welsh Melodies; the tune must be altered, the irregularity of the rhythm and metre must be attended to, and, above all, the character of the composition must be preserved, or my countrymen will not be satisfied.

In reviewing the Second Number of the Welsh Melodies, one of the papers observes, "Among the sixteen airs which this publication contains, besides four harmonized, there are several of a striking character, and several very pretty, which will afford delight to players. Others have an oddness of measure, which must have rendered writing to them a very difficult task, so abrupt, as apparently to defy melody,—and so quaint, as to *bother* rhythm worse than if they had been *Irish*." All this is very gratifying to us Cambrians; we like the oddness and quaintness of our national airs. What *Cymro* would allow his "*Noble Race of Shenkin*" to be considered second to any composition of the kind; or, would have his "*Hob y deri*" yield to the most scientific of the Italian Buffas? The Welsh music seems wedded to the language—and they certainly agree, considering the length of time they have been united, far better than most married folk now-a-days!

I have endeavoured to procure words for the different airs, written in close imitation of the Welsh songs and *Pennillion;* how far I have succeeded I will leave to those who love the songs of olden times to decide, most earnestly inviting them to

* No. 25.—ED.

join me in wishing that the language, music, and customs of the ancient Cymry may never die.

"Oes y byd i'r Iaith Gymraeg."

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

Newman Street, JOHN PARRY.

Jan. 17, 1822.

EXCURSION IN NORTH WALES.

[*Concluded.*]

BEFORE we retired to rest at Corwen, we enquired at what time the coach would arrive; and, finding it did not go direct to Carnarvon, we determined to *post* thither, and accordingly ordered a chaise to be ready by nine the next morning. Having been apprised that we should find ample occupation for our time after our arrival at the capital, we resolved to make no more tarryings on the road, although we might have done so with advantage, and (for our post-boys were incorrigibly lazy and our horses intolerably tardy) about two o'clock on the day, that followed the one on which we left Corwen, we found ourselves at the door of the Royal Hotel, at Carnarvon, and shortly afterwards in very comfortable apartments, at that most respectable and commodious inn.

Having arranged ourselves in garments somewhat more seemly than our brown and dusty travelling habiliments, we strolled out towards the residence of my old and esteemed friend, Mr. G. We soon arrived at the house, but did not find him at home; his lady, however, welcomed us with as much cordiality as her lord could have done, and gave us to understand, that she had been expecting us for some days. We did not wait long before our host himself arrived; and, as many long years had elapsed since we had seen each other, with what hearty joy he shook us by the hand may be better imagined than described.

O qui complexus et gaudia quanta fuerunt!

"My dear Jane," said he to his better half, "my old friends will of course dine with us to-day; we will make no strangers of them, and, while you are making the necessary arrange-

ments, we will sit down and talk over old times;" and we were soon in the midst of a most interesting colloquy, enacting over again the exploits of our boyhood with a glee truly enviable. It is delightful to revive the recollection of those days, when all around us was fair, beautiful, and innocent: we love to let our imaginations wander to that happy period when the cares of the world had not yet overshadowed our brows nor tinctured our minds with moroseness and distrust; when we had felt but little of disappointment and still less of sorrow—

Ah! happy days, like lightning fled!
For ever, and for ever gone!
Ye come upon us like a tone
Of music issuing from the dead,
Before our view is then unfurled
A map of feelings—perish'd—past—
The vision of another world
Without a cloud o'ercast!

And a meeting with any of the participators of our youthful pastimes will always engender these pleasing retrospections. So, however, we found it by our meeting with Mr. G——, and the time passed on so rapidly and pleasantly, that we were summoned to dinner long before we had finished our "talk of old times."

After tea our friend proposed a stroll to the Castle, to which we readily assented, and a short walk brought us under its dark and frowning battlements. It must have been a noble structure in its day: even now—and the heavy hand of time has not passed lightly over it—it is an imposing and extensive pile; and its massive architecture (for the walls are eight, and in some places, nine feet thick) indicates that strength, rather than elegance, was the object of its construction. It was a place indeed of such power and solidity, as to withstand the most violent assaults of the enemy, and it possessed every convenience for the support and management of a siege*. Edward

* A narrow gallery, or covered way, formerly extended round the castle, by which, during a siege, communication could be had with the other parts without danger. On one side, this gallery remains yet undemolished, though grievously ruinous; it was next to the outer wall, and was lighted by narrow openings, which served as stations from whence arrows and other missiles could be discharged upon the enemy.

seems to have spared no pains in its erection, for (we are informed) twelve years elapsed before the building was completed. The state-apartments were large and commodious, perhaps, splendid, for the rude age in which they were constructed: they were situated in that part of the castle, which is denominated the Eagle Tower, and were probably occupied by the monarch and his household, when his presence was required at the capital of his newly-acquired dominions. This tower,—"the Eagle's Aerie,"—as it has been called, rises from one end of the inner court-yard, in the form of a parallelogram, and derives its name from the figure of an eagle placed on the summit:—

> Cowering with unsteady wing,
> The royal bird prepares to spring
> Upwards, as his eye surveys
> Radiant Sol's meridian blaze*.

There is no fortress in North Wales so conspicuous, in an historical point of view, as the Castle of Caernarvon. Even the very circumstance, which gave existence to it, originated in the most memorable event which ever befel the Principality,—its conquest, namely, by the First Edward. After this enterprising monarch had succeeded in subjugating the Welsh, (and long and powerfully did he strive for the mastery), he built several strong-holds in different parts of Wales, and garrisoned them with English soldiers, for the purpose of securing his conquest, by awing into subjection the murmuring mountaineers. The contumacious disposition of the natives of Caernarvonshire, together with the wild and mountainous state of that part of the country, most probably induced him to erect the castles of Conwy and Caernarvon, two of the largest and strongest fortresses in North Wales. The grandeur of the latter—the most magnificent badge of our subjection, as Pennant calls it,—displays a noble monument of the Conqueror's policy; for, the pertinacious resistance of the Welsh, particularly of those who dwelt amidst the Alpine fortresses of Caernarvonshire, determined him to build a fortress, which should with-

* It was in this "Aerie" that the Conqueror's unfortunate successor was born and murdered; and a small gloomy-looking room is pointed out as the birth-place of the first English prince of Wales. Unhappy man! thy days were days of sorrow, and thy death the death of a martyr.

stand the assaults of man, and be subject only to the inevitable ravages of time. This, among other facts, tends to prove that the Conqueror of Wales experienced no trifling difficulty in curbing the eager patriotism of the Cambro-Britons. Even after he had annihilated the royal power of the Principality, after he had vanquished and slain the brave and generous Llywelyn, and exposed his lifeless head to the derision of the multitude, and after he had cruelly murdered his brother Davydd, he still found, that the Welshmen were unwilling to bend the knee to one, whom they looked upon as a terrible and blood-thirsty tyrant; and it was not till the superior might and prowess of England had crushed the glowing patriotism of the mountaineers, and deprived them of all means of resistance, and almost refuge, that they submitted in sullenness to the yoke of the Conqueror. In none of the glorious transactions of his busy life did Edward display a greater depth of policy than he did in the preservation of his newly-acquired territory. At one time soothing and flattering the vindictive dispositions of the fiery Cambrian,—at another, punishing with rigour their unbending contumacy, he effectually succeeded in removing all opposition to his dominion over Wales, and in fixing the foundation of his conquest upon a firm and secure basis.

But this glorious achievement was not effected without much bloodshed on both sides. Nay, the king himself was obliged to make more than one severe personal sacrifice before he could obtain the homage of the Welshmen. He had promised them a prince, who should speak no other language than their own, and who should be born in their own country: an old, but faithful historian shall tell the rest:—"King Edward perceiving the Welsh to be resolute and inflexible, and absolutely bent against any other prince, than one of their own country, happily thought of this politic, though dangerous, expedient. Queen Eleanor was now quick with child, and ready to be delivered; and, *though the season was very severe, it being the depth of winter*, the king sent for her from England, and removed her to Caernarvon Castle, the place designed for her to lye-in. When the time of her delivery was come, King Edward called to him all the barons and chief persons throughout all Wales to Ruthland, there to consult about the public

good, and the safety of their country. And, being informed that the Queen was delivered of a son, he told the Welsh nobility, that, whereas they had often-times entreated him to appoint them a prince, he, having at this time occasion to depart out of the country, would comply with their request, and upon condition that they would allow of, and obey, him whom he should name. The Welsh readily agreed to the motion, only with the same reserve, that he should appoint them a prince of their own nation. King Edward assured them, he would name such an one as was born in Wales, could speak no English, and whose life and conversation nobody could stain, whom the Welsh agreeing to own and obey, he named his son Edward, but little before born in Caernarvon Castle*."—Edward certainly loved his faithful and affectionate Eleanor, as much as it was possible for his rough and warlike heart to love any woman; and it must be allowed, that he put a considerable restraint upon his feelings, when he desired her to travel from London into the very heart of Wales, in the depth of the winter season, and in a situation so delicate and critical. The historian, just quoted, has omitted another fact materially connected with this event; namely, that the Queen, notwithstanding her advanced pregnancy, *performed her journey on horseback*†.

There are two or three other historical incidents relating to this Castle. In 1404 it was besieged by Owain Glyndwr, but was gallantly defended, for king Harry, by Ieuan ab Meredydd, and Meredydd ab Hwlkin Llwyd, of Glynllivon in Caernarvonshire. Ieuan died during the siege, and his body was smuggled out of the Castle, and buried in the parish church of Llanvihangel in Anglesey, about twelve or fourteen miles distant. Owain, finding that he could make no impression on its stupendous walls, raised the siege, and marched his men to another part of the country. In the civil wars of the Commonwealth it was bandied about from one party to another with the most capricious mutability. It was taken by a captain Swanby in 1644, one of the Parliament's men, and afterwards retaken and fortified for the king. Lord Byron, who was appointed governor on this occasion, surrendered it,

* Powel's History of Wales, pp. 300, 301.

† Warrington's History of Wales, vol. ii.

in 1646, to the Generals Mytton and Langhorne; and these two ferocious republicans were nearly taken prisoners, two years afterwards, by Sir John Owen, a gallant Welshman, and one of the most faithful and effective of the poor king's servants. He boldly besieged the Castle with only two hundred and seventy men, and was so resolute in his determination of gaining possession of the fortress, that he would most probably have succeeded in starving out the garrison, had not intelligence reached him, that a large detachment from the enemy's main army was hastening with all speed and diligence to the relief of Mytton and his colleague. He immediately raised the siege, and marched to meet the enemy. The contending parties met on the sands between Bangor and Conwy, and, after a furious encounter, Sir John was defeated, thirty of his men killed, and himself and an hundred others taken prisoners. After this engagement the whole of North Wales became subject to the Parliament. Caernarvon Castle is now, I believe, the property of the English crown: it was formerly held by the Wynns of Glynllivon and Gwydir, the Bulkeleys of Baron Hill, and the Mostyns of Mostyn and Gloddaeth. The entrance into this fine old fortress,—"this stupendous monument of ancient grandeur,"—is through a lofty portal*, over which is yet to be discerned something like an effigy of the royal founder. The interior of the building is falling fast under the influence of the elements; in some parts, however, the walls are yet entire, and either covered with ivy, or rearing their gloomy masonry undecayed by time, and still strong and massive in their old age.

I was highly gratified with our visit to Caernarvon Castle, for, having previously obtained a tolerable outline of its history, I viewed it, not as a curious specimen of a particular style of architecture, but as having been the scene of some of the most important events which relate to the annals of Wales. My imagination was busily occupied. I fancied, that I saw the very apartments where the Conqueror held his court—surrounded by his tried and valiant men-at-arms, with their glittering armour, and nodding plumes, and giving audience to his

* Under this portal are the grooves of no less than four portcullises,—a barrier sufficiently impenetrable, one would think, to resist the effort of any earthly force.

new subjects, redressing their grievances, and sedulously courting their allegiance and affection. I pictured to myself the noble and commanding countenance of the English Justinian, and the rough soldier-like, yet courteous, manner, in which he bent his ear to the complaints and petitions of the Welshmen. Among the gay throng of courtiers round the throne are a few of the most eminent of the Welsh nobility, conspicuous by the rude simplicity of their attire, and by their bold, unbending, air. They listen attentively to all that is going forward; and, if, perchance, the King should not vouchsafe a gracious answer to the poor suppliant before him, their swarthy brows become more contracted and gloomy, and plainly bespeak their disapprobation of the decree. Nor must the fair and affectionate Eleanor be forgotten. She sits on the monarch's right-hand, smiling sweetly on the rude warrior-forms, and encouraging, by her amenity, the approach of those, who seek redress from the sovereign. Knights, esquires, and guards, with an indistinguishable throng of attendants and spectators, complete a scene, which may once have existed, even as I have thus fancifully pourtrayed it. Long did we linger amidst the ruins of this princely fortress, and we did not summon resolution to depart, till the frowning battlements above us were becoming more and more obscure in the deepening gloom of twilight, so that it was nine o'clock by the time we reached the residence of our friendly *cicerone*. After a most pleasant evening, we returned to the hotel, having prevailed upon our friend, in the mean time, to breakfast with us the following morning, when we intended to have arranged respecting our future progress through the country.

But fate had ordained that we should be disappointed in this matter; for early on the ensuing morning I received a summons to return to London as soon as I could, as my presence could not be conveniently dispensed with. This summons I, of course, obeyed, but not without resolving to embrace an early opportunity of exploring the hills and vallies of Caernarvonshire *.

Θ.

* We cannot bid a reluctant farewell to our friendly *Excursionist*, without expressing our thanks for the entertainment he has afforded us; and we feel satisfied, that we may do this on the part of our readers as well as upon our own. We will hope, however, to meet again.—Ed.

ETYMOLOGY.

THE NAME "CYMRY."

As we have not been favoured with any answer to the letter of LEOMINSTRENSIS, in our last Number *, on the etymology of the word CYMRY †, we feel ourselves in some respect bound to take up the question, and, more particularly, as the writer has addressed his objections, in a main degree, to the observations, that have appeared on the subject in these pages †. Our reply to these objections shall be as concise as the nature of the investigation may allow; but we foresee, that, with all our caution in this respect, we shall be under the necessity of trespassing, at some length, on the reader's patience. However, as the inquiry, although professedly philological, has, in fact, an intimate connection with the early history of this island, we offer no apology for the space it may occupy. As a question of etymology, indeed, we know of none, in which the Welsh reader can be more interested.

In the following answer we shall first notice, in a particular manner, the "questions and doubts" of our correspondent in the order, in which they occur, and shall subjoin to the whole such remarks, as may be suggested by a general view of the subject.

1, 2, 3. The import of these three questions, however they may differ in their phraseology, is obviously the same, and amounts only to this—whether there exists, amongst any other people, a precedent for this etymology? Now, in the first place, we do not think, that the discussion of this inquiry should depend at all upon precedent, provided a clear and rational explanation can be given of the etymology in dispute, supported by historical evidence. Precedent, in a case of this

* Page 205.

† It appears advisable to repeat, in this place, the etymology in dispute, which is CYN, first or primitive, and BRO, a people, "adopted either," to use the words of the CAMBRO-BRITON on a former occasion, "on account of a priority of descent from the *Noachidæ*, or of the CYMRY being the first race, that colonized Europe." We take this opportunity of mentioning, that the reference to the CAMBRO-BRITON in the last Number, p. 206, ought to have been vol. i. not vol. ii., as there misprinted.

nature, must be extremely difficult of attainment, and especially with reference to "the earliest inhabitants of the earth." The extinction of most of the primitive languages of mankind, and the overthrow or dispersion of those nations, by whom the globe was first colonized, throw a veil over the origin of most ancient names, which is not now to be penetrated. The CYMRY, in this respect, appear to form a singular exception; the very language as well as the people having existed, from remote antiquity, even to this day: a phenomenon, which, if fortified by the testimonies of history, ought to exempt their case, if it were necessary, from any dependence on precedent. And we cannot help here observing, that, when our correspondent asks, whether a custom ever "prevailed amongst the *earliest* inhabitants of the earth to distinguish each other as the first or *last* comers into a country," he is guilty of a little Hibernianism. For, surely, it would require some ages, at least, to ascertain, (if, indeed, the point could ever be said to be determined,) who the "*last* comers" were in any particular country. It is not likely, therefore, that such a designation should ever have been adopted; but it is extremely probable, that a wandering tribe, as yet without a name, should distinguish themselves, or be distinguished by others, as *first* settlers. And this must, moreover, have operated as a sort of permanent evidence of that prior claim to the country, they occupied, which they would naturally be desirous of establishing. Accordingly we find, that one of the most ancient people, recorded in Pagan story, the *Titans*, actually derived their appellation from such a circumstance, and were called by the Greek and Roman writers Γηγενεις and *Terrigenæ* *, names of

* The primitive or aboriginal character, ascribed to the Titans, by ancient writers, is so well known that it is almost superfluous to dwell on the point; but we cannot resist the temptation of quoting one or two instances. Thus, in the Orphic Hymns, we have the following lines:—

Τιτηνες, γαιης τε και ουρανιε αγλαα τεκνα,
Ημετερων προγονοι παλαιων. H. 36. 1.

Titans, illustrious sons of earth and heaven,
Our sires' progenitors.——

And again, in the same ancient fragments, the poet, addressing the Titans, says,—

Εξ ὑμεων γαρ παντα τελει γενεα καλα κοσμου

From you are descended all the tribes throughout the world.

similar import with the original word, according to its Hebrew etymology, and in which sense it is taken by Milton, when he says—

" *Titanian* or *Earth-born*, that warr'd with Jove."

The name, therefore, like CYMRY, implies aboriginal, or indigenous, a character, which Cæsar is known to ascribe to the early inhabitants of this island *. Thus, if precedent were at all necessary, it may be said to exist in the name we have just noticed; but we consider it, as we have already said, by no means indispensable to the question. The etymology of CYMRY may securely be left to rest on its own merits, provided it have, moreover, what we think it possesses, the sanction of history in its favour.

4, 5. These two questions, although varying in expression, have also, like the three preceding, substantially but one object, and that is—the signification of the primitive term CYN, and its effect in the composition of words. And here again we do not conceive, that we are driven to the alternative, suggested by our correspondent's question, of proving that CYN does " invariably imply first or primitive in point of time :" it is quite sufficient, that this is its primary sense, the other of *chief* or *principal* being obviously secondary, or what may be called figurative, inasmuch as the idea of preeminence has its origin in that of priority. And is not this the case also with the corresponding terms in all other languages ? The objection, therefore, as to the abstract signification of the prefix CYN, must be admitted to be without any real weight: it only remains, then, to examine its force when employed in the for-

To the same effect also is the following observation of an ancient scholiast—Οι δε πρόλεραν γενεαν τῆς Τιτανας φασι.—Some describe the Titans as the first race.—Hesiod in his *Theogony* has likewise some lines to the same purpose, which the classical reader will be at no loss to recollect; but it may be remarked, that Hesiod has, in some respects, confounded the history of this people by supposing the Giants and Titans to have been a different race. However, his descriptions, in the Battle of the Gods, are often of historical value, and have obvious allusions to the first Dispersion. The Titans are supposed by most writers to have been the descendants of Ham and Chus. Sanconiathon describes them as *exiles* and *wanderers;* and Mr. Davies, in his Celtic Researches, p. 84, is of opinion that the same people are alluded to in the 30th chapter of Job, v. 1. to 9. to which we refer the reader.

* Bell. Gall. l. v. c. 12.

mation of words. But, ere we do this, we must be allowed to express our surprise, that so general, we may even say so universal, a feature in the character of Welsh compounds, as this use of the word CYN in its primitive sense, should have escaped our correspondent's penetration. So common indeed is it, that we feel quite at a loss how to make a selection from the multitude of instances, which may be adduced towards its illustration. The following, however, are a few:—*cynar*, first ploughing; *cynblant*, first born; *cyndad*, first parent; *cyndwv*, first growth; *cynddail*, first leaves; *cynddydd*, the first part of the day or old time*; *cynvam*, first mother; *cynvedydd*, first baptism; *cynvyl*, first boundary; *cynrain*, first lineage†; *cyntaid*, first swarm; and *cyntevin*, first part of the summer.—These few examples, selected from amongst hundreds, will be sufficient, we hope, to set this part of the objection at rest, by proving, that the ordinary use of CYN, in a compound form, is first in time, and not chief in rank. To the two instances, apparently of a contrary nature, adduced by our correspondent, we have adverted in the preceding notes; and, with respect to his etymology of *Brigantes*, we can only say, that we never before heard that the word was deduced either from *Cynobri* or *Obricynta*. On the contrary, we have always understood it to be a derivative of the Welsh *brig* or *brigant*, a height, and, consequently, to be synonymous with Highlanders or Mountaineers, an epithet peculiarly applicable to the *Brigantes*, or *Brigantwys*, of this island, from the particular character of the country they occupied. And it cannot but strengthen this etymology to notice, that two other nations, inhabiting respectively the Pyrennees and the Alps, bore anciently the same appellation.

6. Hitherto our correspondent's objections have been con-

* We select this word, as it happens to be one, adduced by our correspondent in support of his opinion. *Cynddydd*, however, has, in a compound form, the import we have here given it, and may imply the "*first day*" as well as the *first part* of *the day*, notwithstanding that, in common conversation, "*y dydd cyntav*" is used in the former sense.

† This is another of our correspondent's examples, which, however, proves nothing in favour of his opinion. We admit that *cynrain* may mean *first spears*, as a compound of *cyn* and *rhain*, but it also admits of the sense we have above adopted: and in both instances *cyn* may imply first in time as well as in rank.

fined to the principle of the etymology under consideration; and we trust, we have sufficiently shewn their general fallacy. The question, we have now to examine, as well as those that succeed it, relates more immediately to the point in dispute. The substance of the objection, contained in it, is—that the admission of the controverted etymology implies, as a necessary conclusion, the immediate descent of the CYMRY from our first parents, and the consequent identity of their language with the most ancient speech of mankind. Now all this we deny: it is, by no means, a fair or a reasonable deduction. The CYMRY may be acknowledged as a first or primitive people, without any reference to an immediate descent from the first family, and, consequently, without involving the question, as our correspondent would infer, of "the rejected descent from Gomer." The terms of the etymology, as quoted in a preceding note, are expressly in the alternative, assigning to the CYMRY a priority, either in their patriarchal descent, or in their colonization of some particular country, though, in confining that country to Europe, we, perhaps, contracted the question more than we ought to have done. However, it serves to shew, that the proposed etymology does not exclusively rest on the primæval descent of the CYMRY; but, even if we were disposed to maintain that alternative of the proposition, it would still involve no insinuation that the CYMRAEG must be "the most ancient language in the world," unless it could be shewn, that there was but one language spoken after the Dispersion, and, consequently, that the Scriptural account of that great event is inaccurate.

7. Of all the objections of our correspondent this is decidedly the least tenable. To doubt the identity of the CYMRY with the *Cimbri* and *Cimmerii*, because "no mention is made of the former by the Latin and Greek historians," is precisely the same as if he were to doubt the identity of the CYMRY with the *Welsh*, because the latter name only is used by English writers. As well too might he question the identity of the *Anglois* with the *English*, because the latter denomination is never employed by the French; or, to come more to the point, the Ρωμαιοι and *Romani* could never have been one people, because, forsooth, the Greek historians mention them by the former name only. In a word, there is no nation, ancient or modern, which

will not exemplify the complete futility of this objection; but the few, we have adduced, will, we think, be sufficient. What we contend for, on this point, is this—that, presuming, as we do, the CYMRY, *Cimmerii*, and *Cimbri* to have been originally one people, the etymology of the two latter names may be accounted for on the same principle as that of the first, the Greek compound adopting a mutation of the last syllable, BRO, and the Latin name retaining it in its original form, without any change. And we are sure, our correspondent's recollection will supply him with numerous instances wherein the names, given by foreigners to particular nations, differ much more widely from that adopted by the nations themselves, than in the example before us. With respect to the "refusal of the Bretons of Gaul to recognize the CYMRY under that denomination," (by which we presume our correspondent to allude to their assumption of a different name,) there is nothing in the circumstance, that we can discover, more extraordinary than the loss of the patronymic appellation amongst other people "descended from the same original stock." The only matter of surprise is, that, after so many ages and through so many vicissitudes, the primitive name of CYMRY should still be exclusively preserved amongst the mountains of Wales.

8. The answer to the former part of the last question may serve as a reply to this also, since, upon the presumption that the *Cimmerii* and *Cimbri* were but one people, the objection is evidently of the same character. All it amounts to is this—that the nation is not noticed by any Roman historian till "about one century before the Christian æra*;" but, although we hear nothing of it under the *Roman designation* previous to that period, surely, we are not, therefore, to infer, that the nation might not have existed for centuries earlier, unknown to the Romans. This objection, indeed, like the one preceding it, appears to be founded on an hypothesis, that the same people could not have been anciently known by various names, whereas the contrary is so obvious from the Latin and Greek

* We take it for granted that our correspondent here alludes to the famous *Cimbric War*, in which the Romans, under the consuls Manlius and Servilius, were defeated with great slaughter by the *Cimbri* and *Teutoni*. This happened, according to the best authorities, 109 years before Christ. Florus describes the *Cimbri* as a very powerful people.

writers, that it were a mere waste of words to attempt to prove it.

9. The fact, assumed in this question, even if it were strictly accurate, could not, we think, materially affect the object of our inquiry; for, considering how many centuries have elapsed since the *Cimbri* were expelled from the North of Europe, and considering also the intermixture of nations and tongues that has since taken place on the European continent, it could not be a subject of any great astonishment, if there really had been "no traces left of the *Cimbric* language in the names of the territories, which the people are known to have inhabited." Have we not a case in point in our own country, where, within a much shorter period, the primitive names of numberless places have given way to those imposed by the Saxons? Is not the term *England* itself a proof of the inconclusiveness of any argument founded on such a basis? In the same manner the ancient *Cimbric Chersonese* received the name of *Jutland* upon the expulsion of the original inhabitants by the *Jutæ*. But, what is the actual fact in the case before us? So far from there being now no traces of the language of the *Cimbri* in the names of places in the North of Europe, it has been maintained, that several instances of this nature are to be found along the course traversed by the *Cimbri* in their progress towards the West*; and, what is of yet more importance, the very language itself may be said to be still spoken in a part of the Prussian dominions, at no great distance from the ancient settlements of the *Cimbri*. At least, such is the general affinity of this tongue with the modern CYMRAEG, that there can be little doubt of

* Among many writers, who have investigated this point, we refer our correspondent to Mr. Roberts in his "Early History of the Cymry," Mr Davies in his "Celtic Researches," p. 207, &c. and, above all, to M. Pezron in his "*Antiquité de la Langue et de la Nation des Celtes*," who does not hesitate to affirm, from the phenomena which present themselves in this respect, that the language, spoken by the aboriginal inhabitants of this island, must have been the same as that of the *Titans*, since the etymology of so many names of places, over which the empire of that people extended, may still be found in the languages of Wales and Brittany. To this presumed identity between the CYMRY and *Titans* what we have said in a preceding note may not be inapplicable. With reference to the particular subject of this note, we may also recommend to the reader's notice a curious communication, signed HANESAI, in a subsequent part of this Number.

their original identity *. With respect to the presumed derivation of *Cimbri* from the Gothic word *Kimber* †, it will be time enough to consider that, when the etymology, now under discussion, is proved to have no foundation. In the mean time we can hardly be expected to undertake the establishment of a negative.

10. In reply to this question, we have first to say, that there exists no positive testimony, that "the dispositions and habits of the CYMRY of Britain widely differed from those of the continental *Cimbri*." It is certainly recorded in the Triads, that the CYMRY, under Hu Gadarn, established their dominion in this island "through justice and in peace ‡," but this seems to have reference only to the priority of their arrival here and the consequent undisputed possession which they took of the country. For we have the authority of the same ancient records, that, before the settlement of the CYMRY, the island was inhabited only by wild beasts §. The Triads, therefore, cannot be said to prove any thing respecting "the dispositions and habits of the CYMRY," in their memorial of this event, as it afforded no opportunity for "fighting and bloodshed;" and it deserves, on the other hand, to be noticed, that the Roman historians, who wrote from the best authority, represent the ancient inhabitants of this island as a warlike and brave people, while Taliesin distinctly ascribes to the first settlers a similar character ||. The Druidical or Bardic Institution, indeed, may have inculcated principles of a contrary tendency; but it is reasonable to presume, that these were confined to a privileged number, and had no more influence on the general habits of the people than the pacific doctrines of the Quakers of

* We here allude to the *Wendi*, respecting whom we have some curious documents, which we design to insert on some future occasion. See also CAMBRO-BRITON, vol. ii. p. 97, and No. 24, p. 80.

† Among other profound etymologies, which English writers have given of CYMRY, we may notice that of Cleland, who sagaciously informs us, that it is derived from "*kym*, one of the most ancient Celtic words for a mountain, a corruption of *kean* head, and which latter word is synonimous with *pen*." *Ex uno disce omnes.*

‡ See CAMBRO-BRITON, vol. i. p. 47.

§ Id. ibid, p. 8.

|| See his Poem, entitled "*Ymarwar Lludd Bychan.*" Arch. of Wales, vol. i. p. 76.

these days could have upon the nation at large, or than the grand principles of Christianity itself appear to have, in this respect, on the general conduct of the Christian world. In a word, we can see no force whatever in this objection, since, at last, whatever difference of manners or character may have existed between the *Cimbri* of the North and the CYMRY of Britain might readily be accounted for by such local and circumstantial changes, as have occasioned a similar diversity amongst other nations, when once disunited from one common stock.

11. It is unnecessary to say much in answer to this question, as it appears to be little more than a summary of the writer's scepticism on the subject before us. We are ready to admit, however, that the identity of the CYMRY with the nations above specified ought not to rest merely on "the fortuitous coincidence of the name," but that it ought also have the sanction of history, as far as that sanction can now be obtained. And we hope it will, on the other hand, be conceded, that such historical testimony would tend materially to confirm the propriety of the etymology in dispute. For, if it could be reasonably shewn, that the CYMRY, *Cimmerii* and *Cimbri* were of one family, it would also appear, according to our view of the question, that the former are entitled, for one of the reasons above surmised, to the name of a FIRST or PRIMITIVE PEOPLE. As a necessary corollary from this proof we conceive it would be farther evident, that *Cimbric* and not *Celtic*, as our correspondent contends, was the patronymic distinction of that class of nations of which we are speaking, and, consequently, that the term *Cimbric* has not been adopted merely "from the necessity of procuring support to an hypothetical etymology." In a word, it must be our business to shew, that this etymology does not depend on its plausibility only, but that it is also fortified by such historical and other reasonable evidence as belongs to the peculiar nature of the inquiry. Something, we trust, has already been done towards this end in the answers, we have now given to the "questions and doubts" of our correspondent: but we propose to resume the subject, in our next, in a more connected and methodical form. The length, to which this article has already been extended, compels us thus to postpone, contrary to our first intention, the full accomplishment of our design.

We ought not, however, to omit here to notice our correspondent's new etymologies, as he styles them, of CYMRU, LLOEGR, and ALBAN; and of the first two we must say, that we are not aware, by what philological torture they could be twisted to the meaning he would apply to them. But we deem it unnecessary to discuss this point, inasmuch as we conceive, that both the CYMRY and LLOEGRWYS were so called before their settlement in this island, and, consequently, that they gave their names, in time, to such portions of it as they respectively inhabited. That such was the fact with respect to the CYMRY we have already partially shewn and hope to prove more satisfactorily hereafter; and we have the authority of the Triads as to the LLOEGRWYS, whom they describe to have emigrated hither from Gascony, wherefore it is not improbable, that they may be identified with the ancient *Ligurians**. With respect to ALBAN, we believe the etymology, given by our correspondent, to be correct; but he is wrong in stating it to be "now for the first time announced." It may be found in Mr. Owen's Dictionary, in the Cambrian Register †, and, we believe, in other publications connected with Wales.

CAMBRIANA.—No. IV.

OUR readers are aware, that the design of this article is the republication of occasional gleaings, connected with the literature, history, or manners of Wales. The following are extracted from the notes in a publication of Miscellaneous Poems, by Mr. R. Llwyd ‡, author of the admired poem of "Beaumaris Bay," and who is also justly celebrated for the researches he has made in the genealogical history of his native country.

WELSH FAIRIES.

"In Wales, as in other pastoral districts, the fairy tales are not yet erased from the traditional tablet; and age seldom

* See CAMBRO-BRITON, vol. i. p. 47.

† Vol. i. p. 24.

‡ Published at Chester in 1804.

neglects to inform youth, that, if, on retiring to rest, the hearth is made clean, the floor swept, and the pails left full of water, the Fairies will come at midnight, continue their revels till day-break, sing the well-known strain of *Toriad y Dydd*, or *The Dawn*, leave a piece of money on the hob and disappear. The suggestions of intellect and the precautions of prudence are easily discernible under this fiction: a safety from fire in the neatness of the hearth, a provision for its extinction in replenished pails, and a motive to perseverance in the promised boon."—P. 34.

THE HIRLAS.

"These were the mead-horns of ancient hospitality, and called the *Hirlas*. That of Owain Cyveiliog, Prince of Powys, has been the subject of a beautiful ode, for the appearance of which in English the public are indebted to the pen of an accomplished scholar *. An elegant specimen of the ancient *Hirlas* is still preserved at Lord Penrhyn's seat in Caernarvonshire.

"Fill with mead the Hirlas high,
Nor let a soul this day be dry;
The hall resounds, the triumph rings,
And every bard the conflict sings.
Ednyved's trophied shield displays
Themes of glory, themes of praise,—
A lion in the tented field,
A lamb, when vanquish'd heroes yield.
Ednyved, bravest of the brave!
His name shall live beyond the grave."—P. 59.

LLANDDONA—DWYNWEN—LLANDDWYN.

"Llan Ddona (so called from Dona, fourth in descent from the celebrated Brochwel, Prince of Powys, who built a cell there, upon the sea-shore, in the ninth century,) is a parish adjoining Llangoed, on the north-east, in the island of Anglesey. The fair damsels of this district have, from time immemorial, borne the same addition as those of Lancashire, both having, probably, been peculiarly favoured by Dwynwen,

* There have been more than one English version of this celebrated poem, but we are not aware to which Mr. Llwyd here alludes.—Ed.

the Venus of ancient Britain. The parish, dedicated to this goddess, (Llanddwyn), on the western shore of the island, has been for some ages overflowed by the sea, determined, as it would seem, to verify the fable in the Heathen Mythology, that "she should rise out of the waves."

"Davydd ab Gwilym, the British Ovid, invokes Dwynwen in favour of Morvudd, the object of his adoration, then on her pilgrimage to the shrine of St. David; and this beautiful production has appeared in English in the volumes, published by Mr. Edward Williams, the intelligent Bard of South Wales.

"Richard Kyffin, Dean of Bangor, was rector of Llanddwyn, in 1485: from this place he corresponded with Henry VII. then an exile in Brittany, and took a very active part in North Wales, in conjunction with Sir Rhys ab Thomas, who led South Wales, in bringing about his restoration."—P. 80.

THE BIRCHEN-WREATH.

"It is still a custom in Wales to adorn a mixture of birch *(bedw)* and *criavol*, or quicken, with flowers, tie it with a ribbon and leave it where it is likely to be found by the person intended on May-morning. Davydd ab Gwilym, addressing a chaplet, given by Morvudd, has the following beautiful lines:—

"Vy medw rhwym, vy myd ai rhoes.
My world, my all, by Morvudd given.
Y vun lwys a'm cynhwysai
Mewn bedw a chyll, mentyll Mai!
In groves my fair and I were gay
Of hazle, birch, thy garments, May.

"The birch was the *bay* of the Bards, and this idea is not ill expressed in a copy of congratulatory verses, addressed by Mr. Henry Bulkeley, brother of Robert, the second Viscount Bulkeley, to his tutor, the Rev. Gronwy Davies, on his promotion to the mastership of Beaumaris School, in 1550.

"But, if you chance the rod to use,
For to quicken our dull muse,
I know, your *birch*, another day,
Will prove unto our heads a *bay*."—Pp. 125 and 129.

WYNNS OF GWYDIR.

"The Wynns of Gwydir, long eminently known as Tylwith Sion ab Maredudd, were, for centuries, the chiefs of an extensive district in southern Snowdonia, an intermixture of rocky and sylvan scenery; but the shelter, which the woods afforded to the perturbed spirits, who were let loose upon the country, when the accession of Henry VII. put an end to the wars of the Roses, rendered it necessary to cut them down. Mary Wynn, Duchess of Ancaster, the last of this great race, conveyed this property into that family; and Lord Gwydir, who now possesses it in right of his lady, is planting to a great extent the eminences, that tower above this venerable mansion."—P. 126.

THE RED DRAGON.

"Our historians agree, that king Arthur bore upon his helm a Red Dragon; it was also the cognizance of his father Uthyr, thence called Pendragon*. Henry VII. knew this, and, sensibly appealing to that union of local attachment, innate honour, and perhaps prejudice, which constitutes what is called nationality, displayed a red dragon upon a standard of green and white silk at Bosworth. This, when Sir William Brandon, his standard-bearer, fell, in a personal rencontre with King Richard, Henry judiciously gave to Rhys ab Maredudd, of Hiraethog, a man of great personal strength and prowess, whose tomb is still to be seen at Yspytty Evan in Denbighshire; and such of my countrymen, as correctly bear *gules*, a *lion rampant*, *argent*, will find this hero of Hiraethog among their forefathers. Of these the Wynnes of Voelas, and the Prices of Rhiwlas, are leaders.

"The Red Dragon was borne as one of the supporters to the royal arms from the accession of the Tudors to that of the Stuarts, when it gave place to the Union, as now depicted: it also gave rise to a department in the College of Arms called *Rouge Dragon*.

"Upon a late re-arrangement of the national quarterings, taste, science, and conciliation would have pointed out the

* Perhaps Mr. Llwyd is not strictly accurate here; however, we have no intention, at present, to enter into any discussion of the subject. On a future occasion we may.—Ed.

adoption of this ancient symbol,—would have allotted one compartment in the regal escutheon to that charge, which originally occupied the whole; and the omission is the more apparent in its inducing a repetition of what are erroneously called the Arms of England, the lions, or leopards, as an English bard calls them,—

(Our leopards, they so long and bravely did advance
Above the *fleur-de-lice*, even in the heart of France.)

in the first quarter, being those of Normandy, Guienne, and Aquitaine, and in the appearance of a defect, which ought not to exist in an empire composed of four nations."—P. 196.

BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIR

OF the late Rev. JOHN WILLIAMS, Head-master of Ystradmeurig School, in the county of Cardigan *.

"ON the morning of Good Friday last, (1818) in the 73d year of his age, the Rev. John Williams, Vicar of Nantmel, in Radnorshire, Prebendary of Brecon, and upwards of forty years Master of the endowed Grammar School at Ystradmeurig, in the county of Cardigan, closed his mortal course.

"Throughout his life, as long as his health permitted, he continued unremitting in the duties of his sacred profession; and his ability in the discharge of them was generally acknowledged in the correspondent effect. In early life a steadiness of principle and conduct, and a natural unstudied sedateness of demeanour, seemed to designate him as the guide and instructor of youth; and in this arduous task, through a long period of years, he was laboriously and successfully engaged: first at Cardigan, then at Ross, and for the last forty years at Ystradmeurig. Invited to this last engagement by the una-

* We extract this "Memoir" from the Provincial Papers, in which it appeared about three years ago. And we have no doubt, from the general estimation, in which Mr. Williams was so deservedly held, as well as from the public station, he so ably and zealously filled, that many of our readers will be pleased to see this brief record of his virtues and talents preserved in the CAMBRO-BRITON.—ED.

nimous wishes of the Trustees, he succeeded, in this well-endowed appointment, a man of extraordinary powers and attainments, whose persevering exertion of a singular and powerful genius (though almost self-taught) had long previously raised the school to much celebrity, while his liberality had materially increased its endowment; and the successor also (his former pupil) happily gave full proof, in the sequel, of his possessing those various qualifications which the peculiar exigencies of the appointment called for. In a province not abounding in wealth, and situated at a distance from the two Universities, it has been found expedient to admit candidates for Holy Orders, without insisting on the regular but expensive graduation at either of the Universities. In this state of things the qualifications of the master of this school, as a place of preparatory study, became an object of no small consequence; and, in this instance, the master proved himself particularly and respectably prepared—not only by his classical attainments, but also by an extensive knowledge in scriptural and ecclesiastical learning. Even in early life he was well versed in the ancient Fathers, and thoroughly conversant with the writings of the principal luminaries of the English Church, (among whom the judicious Hooker and the able and well-discriminating Bishop Bull were his favourites): and in his own religious principles, matured by study and reflection, he was, in no common degree, qualified to superintend and direct the studies of young men preparing for the Church. To promote this end, there is, attached to the School, for the use of the students, a tolerably well-furnished library. In the general result, for the last five and thirty years, the several Bishops, in succession, who have presided over the diocese of St. David's, particularly Dr. Warren and Dr. Horseley, have repeatedly spoken handsomely, in general, of the qualifications, both in classic literature and in theology, of the candidates that came before them from this quarter; and, at a more recent period, Dr. Cleaver, in the adjoining diocese, was decided and open in similar commendation.

"Long flattered, however, as the master was, by the respect and civil expressions of several bishops in succession, he still remained without any substantial proof of their favourable sentiments, till the arrival of Dr. Horseley, whose discernment

soon marked him with particular notice and distinction; who, on presenting him to a small benefice, assured him it was by no means what he wished and intended for him. But, being soon after translated from the diocese, he had no opportunity of farther realizing his declarations. The present pious and learned prelate, however, kindly took an early opportunity of making some improvement in his church appointments.

" His state of health declining for some years, he had an opportunity of contemplating, at his leisure, the end of his labours. It may not be altogether either uninteresting or unedifying to know how such a man met the apparently approaching dissolution of his earthly tabernacle. In the course of the year 1815 he writes thus :—" My constitution is now become so nice, that the least trifle deranges it, and throws it off its balance. I am somewhat doubtful about the issue; it may deliver me up to a gradual decay, or it may be the means of renewing me for some time longer—God's will be done! I hope and trust I may say without presumption (I know it to be the result of much thought) that I am, in some degree, *in utrumque paratus*—for life or death. I shall, at all events, endeavour to join you. Perhaps it may be the last time when the three brothers may have an opportunity of meeting *."—His words proved prophetic—one of the party, after that meeting, saw him no more. At parting, the convalescent invalid repeated, with more calmness and cheerfulness than the other could meet his address,—" Farewell, my brother. Of our meeting again I somehow have a strong persuasion; but I do not expect it in this world."

" About this time a number of his former pupils, consulting together, unanimously determined on presenting him with some testimony of their gratitude and respect, and soon after sent him a handsome silver cup, or vase, with a suitable inscription: the circumstances are recorded in the third volume of the Cambrian Register. Not long after the same grateful respect pressed on him the united request of numbers that he would submit to sit for his portrait, to be placed in the library at Ystradmeurig; and with that view, he was much solicited to pay a visit to London. Though to visit his brother, residing in

* "The two others were the Rev. David Williams, of Heytesbury, Wilts; and Mr. Edward Williams, a respectable bookseller, in the Strand."

town, would have given much pleasure, yet so averse were his sentiments from making the sitting for his portrait the inducement of such a journey, that he begged to decline it. An artist from town attended him in the country, and, it is said, succeeded in a tolerable likeness. But, while his young friends were intent on this mark of respect to his person, his thoughts were moving to another direction.—"This bustle about this portrait of mine," says he, in a letter to his brother at Aberystwith, "only the more strongly impresses upon my mind the far greater importance and necessity of another kind of portrait, so often recommended to us in the Epistles of St. Paul—the portrait, at present in contemplation, is a picture of what will soon be reduced to dust—but there is an image to be drawn on the soul—the image of God! not by the lines and pencils of a mortal artist, but by the finger of the Holy Spirit on the interior man, in knowledge, righteousness and true holiness. This portrait consists, first, in a thorough repentance of whatever is amiss; which is, as it were, the clearing and preparation of the canvas; when faith and evangelical knowledge must be deeply engraved on the very soul; manifesting their lines in love to God and love to man.—In other words, the constituent parts of the picture are—faith in Christ, resting on the cross; hope, with her anchor fixed beyond the veil of present things, on the eternal rock of ages; and charity, rising from this faith and hope, in strength invincible, active, zealous, and persevering.—May God grant that this image, this qualification and only passport to a happy eternity, may be stamped effectually on my mind, on your mind, on the souls of all our friends—then shall we be sure to meet again, never more to part!"

"A few months before his death, he writes thus—"Under frequent ailings and growing infirmities, I thank God, I generally feel a delightful serenity of mind; arising from the firm belief of the great truths of our religion, and an earnest endeavour to make its laws the rule of my practice; still with so much weakness and imperfection, that, at times, I am greatly humbled; though my depressions never sink to the failure of hope—my hopes ever rest on the mercies of the Gospel."

"The frequent recurrence of palpitations of the heart, with other unknown causes, brought on a low nervous fever, which

confined him several weeks, and induced a general debility; terminating at the last in an apoplectic seizure, with paralysis. Though, on the proper applications, his recollections were recovered, the vital powers were exhausted. In the most exemplary spirit of resignation, he continued sensible to the last; and his last breath was wafted in prayer. "He died," says his eldest son (his well-qualified successor in the school, and the emulator of his virtues) "he died, as he had lived, in the peace of God—May my death, as well as the remainder of my life, be like his!"

WELSH TRANSLATIONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—If you should think the following lines, and the accompanying Welsh version, worthy of a place in your entertaining publication, you are very welcome to insert them; if not, throw them into the fire. I remain, Sir,

Your very obedient Servant,

CHWILIEDYDD.

LAMENT OF THE CANARY CONFINED IN A CAGE IN ONE OF ITS OWN ISLANDS.

AH what avails this golden coat,
Or all the warblings of my throat,
While I in durance pine?
Give me again what Nature gave,
'Tis all I ask, 'tis all I crave,
Thee, Liberty divine!

II.

Free is thine hand, sweet maid*, and kind,
That doth for me these dainties find,
And bounteous thus bestow:
But can that hand, though fair, controul
The magic workings of the soul,
Or heal *internal* woe?

* Its attendant.

III.

Yet why should I, poor brute, bemoan,
When, hark, that piteous, dying groan,
Floats daily o'er the wave?
"That monster whips me to the shore *,
"'Reft, 'reft of thee for evermore!
"Save me, O mother, save!"

IV.

What good will *that* man e'er impart,
Who spurns th' emotions of the heart;
Or what assistance give?
He never will, and never can,
Say to his wretched fellow-man,
"Accept this *boon*, and live!"

TRANSLATION.

Y CANARY YN GALARU O'I ADARDY YN UN O'I YNYSOEDD EI HUN.

Och, pa lesâd vy ngwêdd, a'm prŷd,
Tra bwyv yn poeni ŷma o hŷd,
A'm holl ganiadau cû:
Adverwch vy naturiol vraint,
Fy Rhyddid! nid oes mo'i gwerth na'i maint;
Nid oes, ni vydd, ni vu!

II.

Diolch i ti, herlodes lan †,
Am dy holl roddion, mawr a mân!
Ond tyr'd, iacha vy mriw:
O vewn vy nghalon 'i y mae
Trymder, wylovain, ing, a gwae;
Dŵg rhai 'n, a bydd vy nuw!

III.

Nid ydwyv vi ond 'sgrubl gwael,
Am hyn na vô vy nghŵyn rhy hael;
Pa achos sydd, paham?

* Canary Islands near the coast of Africa—the scene of that murderous traffic—the Slave Trade,—shame and disgrace of every Christian nation!

† Ei weinyddes.

Dim, mal y bloedd sy accw draw,
Y tristwch, trallod, govid, braw!
Clyw—"Achub vi, vy mam*!"

IV.

Nid ydyw'r cynvil hwnw ddyn,
Dim dynol ganddo ond y llûn,
'R hwn ni wnaeth dda erioed:
Yr hwn ni theimla dros y gwan;
Nid oes TRUGAREDD ynddo ran:
Rheswm yn over iddo rhoed!

THE MISCELLANIST.—No. XVIII.

I. BARDIC MOTTO IN POWYS†.

Ο φθόνος ἐστὶ κακιστος, ἔχει δέ τι καλὸν ἐν αὐτῶ.
Τήκει γὰρ φθονερῶν ὄμματα καὶ κραδίην.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CAMBRO-BRITON.

MR. EDITOR,—As you have in your Number for January, page 161, in the words of the Carthaginian Queen,—

("Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur,")

candidly declared your pages open to animadversions upon such communications from your correspondents, as stand fairly exposed to wholesome castigations, I have presumed to offer a few remarks upon a letter inserted in the same Number, signed "A Powysian." In a style of studied turgidity, smelling strongly of oil, he commences his attack upon an unoffending individual, by passing some flattering encomiums on the "great erudition and discretion displayed at Caermarthen, in September, 1819,"—on the "much talent and erudition exhibited at Wrexham" the following September, and

* Mae'r Ynysoed a elwir *Y Canaries* yn agos i Africa, lle y mae masnach erchyll mewn dynion! Gwarudwydd a chywilydd Cristionogion!

† We admit the following letter upon the principle, to which our correspondent adverts at the commencement of it; but there are one or two expressions in it, of which we must not be thought to approve, and which we cannot regard as having been strictly justified by the occasion.—ED.

on the " admirable accomplishments of the antiquarians," &c. at that *Eisteddvod.* Here the " Powysian" might as well have closed his declamation: but praise, unadulterated with flimsy aspersions, would not have answered his purpose.—The basilisk of ancient romance, crested with scales of ruby and sapphire hues, had a tail armed with a venomous sting;—so, in this case, an ill-natured reptile is discovered lurking beneath the withered flowers of forced eulogium. The " Powysian," after being so lavish of his praises on the Bard of Nantglyn, declaring that he and his prize-ode " *both* deserved a medal of gold," betrays the cloven foot by picking a quarrel with the Bard's shadow, or the motto upon his well-earned medal.—" It is objectionable," he says, " from two considerations—1st. poetical imperfection—2ndly. and chiefly, the vague idea which it conveys." Here are two elves conjured up by the exorcism of the " Powysian," which have no existence, saving in his own fanciful brain; and now let us try, whether these said *elves* will not vanish into fœtid air, by being exposed to the eye of candour.

1st. As to " poetical imperfection."—The motto, as far as I can learn, as well as the whole inscription on the obverse, was adopted by some friend of the Bard's in London, (and friends he has many in town and country wherever he is known)—and must have been nearly to the following purport—for I have never seen the medal:—" To Mr. R. D. of Nantglyn, Chaired-Bard of the *Eisteddvod* at Wrexham, September 1820, for his Ode on the death of George III;" and then followed the distich, the effect of friendly humour:—

" Bardd Nantglyn, y glanddyn glwys,
Ei hun biodd hen Bowys."

Whether the first word (*Bardd*) occurs on the medal, I cannot tell; it must, however, have been intended, as the line is one syllable too short without it.—It was certainly omitted in your Catalogue of the Medals inserted in your Number for April last—and whether the omission originated with the engraver, or your compositor, is of no great moment. But give me leave, Sir, to notice, that in the same Catalogue you placed the Chaired-Bard, Mr. R. D. in the second class as it were, or below Mr. Evan Evans of Trevriw. This little error ought to have sufficiently gratified the " Powysian," and acted as a

narcotic to allay his spleen. But no: he proposes another distich as a substitute for the erroneous one, which had given him so much offence; which is this—

" Bardd Nantglyn, y glanddyn glwys,
Cawd ar ben cadair Bowys,"

Here it is evident, that " poetical imperfection" is more glaring than in the original distich so much complained of, and I would advise Mr. R. D. to adopt the second line, " *Cawd ar ben cadair Bowys,*" as an example of " *Twyll Cynghanedd,*" among the " *Beiau ac Anavau Cerdd Davawd*" in the third edition of of his Welsh Grammar, which, it is expected, will be called for by a discerning public.

Now for the 2nd eye-sore in the motto, *supposed* to be on the medal, namely the "vague idea which it conveys." This vagueness is thought to exist in the second line: " *Ei hun biodd hen Bowys.*" I own that this line is a venial plagiarism. It was written by Rhys Cain in the sixteenth century, and applied to Bleddyn ab Cynvyn, a prince of Powys in the eleventh. I see no harm at all in borrowing this line, and appropriating it with good nature and humour to the successful bard of Powys at Wrexham. He has, at least, as legitimate a right to the *chair* of Powys as Bleddyn had to the *sceptre:* and their respective rights are founded upon bases sufficiently distinct, so as never to be confounded by any person in the time present or to come—in Powys, Gwynedd, Gwent, or Dyved—save by the solitary and much chagrined " Powysian." The Bard of Nantglyn's claim to his *chair* is grounded upon the correct effusions of his flowing *awen:* Bleddyn ab Cynvyn's claim to his *sceptre* had its origin in blood and massacre—the fall of the illustrious Grufydd ab Llywelyn, and the favour of the Saxon Harold :—claims as absolutely distinct—as mind is from marble, or a writing-pen from a blunderbuss. And, to shew the fatility of the " Powysian's " argument in a still clearer light, the motto in question is connected with the dedication to the Bard—upon the obverse of the medal—so that the much-foreboden misconception can never possibly take place, except in the cranium of such as seek occasion to quarrel with shadows and non-entities.

If this apology for the Bard of Nantglyn, and the motto on his medal, be deemed worthy of a niche in your interesting

miscellany, I beg pardon for trespassing so much upon your pages, which ought to be filled with more sterling and appropriate matter than the crude farrago of any itching writer, whether "A Powysian," who "makes much ado about nothing," or, Sir, your obedient servant and constant reader,

Jan. 10, 1822. A CORNAVIAN.

II. HAMBURGH, OR TREVA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CAMBRO-BRITON.

Mr. EDITOR,—I had formerly in my possession a splendid Dutch Atlas, which, so far as I can recollect, was upwards of a hundred years old, and wherein TREVA was inserted instead of the present name of *Hamburgh*. This is the only instance of my ever seeing that city so called; and I am very anxious to be informed, through the medium of the CAMBRO-BRITON, from any of its readers acquainted with the geography of Germany, whether so remarkable a name be still known, or used in the neighbourhood of that city, or by any people in the north of Germany; or in what ancient authorities it is to be found.

The reasons for my inquiry are, that the Historical Triads, published in the former volumes of your interesting publication, represent the *Cymry* as having originally come to Britain from that part of the continent; that Denmark was historically known by the appellation of the *Cimbric Chersonesus*, or, as we should call it—*Penryn y Cymry;* that the *Wendi* of Lusatia, on the northern banks of the Elbe, still speak a sister dialect of the Welsh; and lastly, that TREVA, as a Welsh word, is, literally, a translation of *Hamburgh*.

HANESAI.

III. ORIGIN OF LANGUAGE.—WELSH LETTERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CAMBRO-BRITON.

Mr. EDITOR,—Logomachy is not my object; but the remarks in your last on my letter were rather of this character*.

* DEWI is wrong, if he supposes, that a war of words was more our object than his: we had no other intention than to defend the position, which he had attacked. We now insert his rejoinder to our reply, and, even under this disadvantage of two to one against us, have no objection to leave the case to the reader's judgment.—ED.

Perhaps I was not *strictly* correct in the use of some terms; but my meaning, I think, might, without any mistake, be collected from the whole. By elements and materials of speech, the same thing was meant by me, as was meant by the author of the Essay, by "simple elements, which," he says, "although incapable of expressing the various ideas, that subsequently thronged into the human mind, formed the simple, yet solid, basis, upon which the grand superstructure of human speech, in all its splendid and majestic varieties, was progressively reared." Indeed, in the very place, where the terms occur, a clause to explain them is added, "as many as were at first necessary." And those materials formed the "perfect speech" mentioned in another place,—perfect, inasmuch as it was adequate to all the wants of man in Paradise: my letter attached to it no other perfection.—Enough of this. Any dispute about mere terms I most willingly waive. Things rather than words should be the subject of discussion and inquiry.

I have long wished to see some of the characters in our alphabet altered. To these double letters, DD, LL, NG, CH, I would add, PH and TH, which have as distinct a sound as any of the other letters. Of the substitution of Z for DD, as in Owen's Dictionary, I do not much approve. These double letters, double according to the present orthography, should partake of something of the form or shape of the simple ones from which they are derived. Some new characters might be invented, or borrowed, from those found in the *Coelbren y Beirdd*, with some little alteration in their form, more accommodated to the conveniency of printing. How much more concise and elegant would the language appear, were every simple sound conveyed by a single character. I would ask this question to my countrymen—what sort of tool is the best? that which is heavy and ill-shaped, or one that is light and neatly constructed, and, at the same time, sufficiently strong for the purpose? There is scarcely any one in use, either by the husbandman or the mechanic, that has not been much improved since first invented. What would be said of him, that would prefer a cumbrous iustrument, the invention of a rude age, to one rendered more useful by the various effects of improvements! Let some of your learned and sensible correspondents, Mr. Editor, in conjunction with yourself, contrive something that may claim

the distinction of being clearly an alteration for the better. And, if my countrymen be obstinate and pertinacious, as you seem to apprehend, let them bear the shame of continuing the use of what is cumbrous and unsightly, in preference to what is handsome and well formed. Nothing sacred can be considered as connected with our present characters. They have not the privilege of antiquity. They are not British, but borrowed from the Romans. They have not the sanction of uniform custom, having undergone several changes. Why then retain them, if a real improvement be offered, since they have nothing to recommend them to our attachment?

Your's, &c. DEWI.

IV. WELSH MSS. IN LONDON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—Feeling much anxiety for the success of our literature, but unfortunately possessing little power to forward it, I submit the following ideas to the lovers and promoters of so patriotic and praiseworthy an object as the collection and preservation of Cambrian records. Were I competent to undertake it, I would willingly perform, myself, what I trust will not be thought an unworthy task by those who possess more time than I do, and who have an advantage, which I have not, namely, an extensive knowledge of the language of the country. But to the point—as every paper or work, connected with the ancient history, manners, customs, and battles of our fathers, is daily becoming more interesting, I now submit, that, since in London and its vicinity, particularly in the parishes of Lambeth and Bermondsey, there are residing a number of Welsh families, who may have in their possession documents or books which may throw a light upon the past days of glory;—

> When the red dragon never spread his wing
> But in the flight to victory: when the men
> Of Powys and of Gwynedd, in the bonds
> Of patriotism joining, swept to earth
> The proudest lance of England, when her halls
> Rang with the sound of noble minstrelsy:—

and, as the major part of these people are in humble circumstances, on which account it is more than probable, that such

books or papers may become the prey of some modern Goth, in the shape of a cheesemonger, as mere waste paper, I propose, that those gentlemen, who *really* take an interest in the dignity of "the land of rocks and mountains," do take into consideration the prospect, I have pointed out, of gleaning some farther knowledge among their humble countrymen, and make a tour, if I may so designate it, among them; and I feel satisfied, that their time and trouble would be amply rewarded. Trusting, this will not be deemed an intrusion upon your pages, I request its insertion, and remain

Your obedient Servant, S. R. JACKSON.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PALESTINE, a Poem by HEBER, and THE BARD, by GRAY, Translated into Welsh, by W. OWEN PUGHE, to which are added MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.—LONDON, 1822.

THE "PALESTINE" of Mr. Heber is one of the few academical prize-poems, that have survived the occasion, which gave them birth; and the poetical richness of its language, the elevated tone of feeling that pervades it, but, above all, the sublime and interesting associations, that belong to the subject, one of the most felicitous that the muse could have selected, fully entitle it to the distinction it thus enjoys. For this reason a translation of it into the language of the Cymry must, of necessity, prove an acceptable accession to our national literature, and especially when this service is performed by the author of *Coll Gwynva*, who, by every new offering of his pen, has the merit of conferring upon his country a new and essential obligation in this respect. The volume before us contains also, it will be seen, a Translation of Gray's "Bard," and some Miscellaneous Poems, all of them, it is unnecessary to add, of considerable interest; but the two principal poems, from their particular subjects and from the intrinsic excellence of the originals, naturally demand our chief attention; and of the "Bard," it may farther be said, that the historical events, on which it is founded, render its appearance in a Welsh dress peculiarly gratifying.

The time and space, to which we are at this moment limited, will not allow us to enter as much into detail as we once intended. Yet we are not aware, that we should be able, by any observations, to present the real merit of these translations in a stronger view than may be done by the few passages we shall extract, and which too, we are sure, our readers will accept as an ample apology for the absence of any critical commentary of our own. The first extract is the commencement of "Palestine;" and we shall, in this and in the subsequent instances, give the original lines as well as the version.

"Reft of thy sons, amid thy foes forlorn,
Mourn, widow'd queen, forgotten Sion, mourn!
Is this thy place, sad City, this thy throne,
Where the wild desert rears its craggy stone?
While suns unblest their angry lustre fling?
And way-worn pilgrims seek the scanty spring?—
Where now thy pomp, which kings with envy view'd?
Where now thy might, which all those kings subdu'd?
No martial myriads muster in thy gate;
No suppliant nations in thy Temple wait;
No prophet bards, thy glittering courts among,
Wake the full lyre, and swell the tide of song:
But lawless Force, and meagre Want is there,
And the quick-darting eye of restless Fear,
While cold Oblivion, 'mid thy ruins laid,
Folds his dank wing beneath the ivy shade."

"Dy blant dàn raib, yn mhlith gelynion ti
Amddivad, wyla, vanon weddw, wael,
Tros gov, ti Tsïon, wyla! Ai dy le
Yw hwn, truenus Caer, dy orsedd hon,
Y cwna difaith gwyllt ei greigiawl grib
Oddiarni? tra y taena haul di lad
Ei ddig erwynder, ac y crwydriaid blin
Eu taith á geisiant vlas y fynnon brìn?—
Pa le yn awr dy rwysg, à selid gàn
Vreninoedd er eu mig? pa le yn awr
Dy nerth à drechai y breninoedd hyn?
Neb rhialluoedd nis byddinant yn
Dy borth; neb cenedl eiriawl yn dy Deml
Ni heilia; yn dy wymp gynteddau nis
Defröa bardd darogan delyn, chwaith
Ni swyna can: ond Divrawd, hevyd eul

Eisiwed, ac anwadal olwg Ovn
Terylla yno, tra, yn mysg dy vriw
Adveiliant, Anghov is eiddiorwg hudd
Yn oer á dwya ei asgellen laith *."—P. 3.

The happy characteristics of Mr. Heber's muse are very conspicuous in this passage; and the Welsh reader will see, that they are preserved, with considerable felicity, by Mr. Pughe, who has also communicated to some of the lines that melodious smoothnesss, which we had so much occasion to admire in *Coll Gwynva*. The single word, *rhiallucd*, by which "martial myriads" is translated, cannot fail to be also noticed as an instance of the force and expressiveness of the Welsh tongue.

The next passage comprises the fine appeal to the Supreme Being on behalf of the Jews, the Welsh translation of which will not suffer from a comparison with the original.

"O Thou, their Guide, their Father, and their Lord,
Lov'd for Thy mercies, for Thy power ador'd!
If at Thy Name the waves forgot their force,
And refluent Jordan sought his trembling source;
If at Thy Name like sheep the mountains fled,
And haughty Sirion bow'd his marble head;—
To Israel's woes a pitying ear incline,
And raise from earth Thy long-neglected vine!
Her rifled fruits behold the heathen bear,
And wild-wood boars her mangled clusters tear.
Was it for this she stretch'd her peopled reign
From far Euphrates to the western main?
For this, o'er many a hill her boughs she threw,
And her wide arms like goodly cedars grew?
For this, proud Edom slept beneath her shade,
And o'er th' Arabian deep her branches play'd?"

"O Ti, eu Tad, eu Llywydd, ac eu Ner,
Cu am Dy drugareddau, am Dy nerth
Ioledig! er Dy Enw os digofêynt
Y tònau vod eu grym, a chwiliaw gàn
Iorddonen adliv am ei hygrych dardd †;
Os y mynyddau er Dy Enw á foynt,
A Sirion valch á grymai veinin bèn;—

"* Ar y cyvryw ddull y darlunid cwsg gàn y Groegiaid."
"† Gwela Psalm cxiv."

I ddwys ovidion Israel gwyra glust,
A dercha Dy winwydden hir àr gil
O lwch*! ei chnwd rheibiedig y digred
A ddygant, a gwyddvaeddod rhwygant ei
Magwyon. Ai er hyn y lledai hi
Werinawl rwysg o bell Euphrates hyd
Y gorllewinawl vor? ei changau dros
Aml vryn er hyn y tavlai, ac o dwv
Ei breichiau llydain vàl cedrwyddi gwiw?
Y cysgai dàn ei chysgawd Edom valch,
Uwch yr Arabiain ddwvn y chwariai vrig?"—P. 13.

The advent of the Messiah in the following extract is also described in a rich vein of poetry, to which Mr. Pughe has done ample justice.

" Nor vain their hope:—bright beaming thro' the sky,
Burst in full blaze the Day-spring from on high;
Earth's utmost isles exulted at the sight,
And crowding nations drank the orient light.
Lo, star-led chiefs Assyrian odours bring,
And bending Magi seek their infant King!
Mark'd ye, where, hovering o'er his radiant head,
The dove's white wings celestial glory shed?
Daughter of Sion! virgin queen! rejoice!
Clap the glad hand, and lift th' exulting voice!
He comes:—but not in regal splendour drest,
The haughty diadem, the Tyrian vest;
Not arm'd in flame, all glorious from afar,
Of hosts the chieftain, and the lord of war.
Messiah comes:—let furious discord cease;
Be peace on earth before the Prince of peace!
Disease and anguish feel his blest controul,
And howling fiends release the tortur'd soul;
The beams of gladness hell's dark cave's illume,
And mercy broods above the distant gloom.'

" Na gwag eu gobaith:—yn pelydru drwy
Y nwyvre, taenai oddivry wawr dydd
O eirian luch; y drych á lawenâai
Ynysoedd eithav daiar, ac y brys
Genedloedd yvynt y dwyrëain wawl.
Gàn seren, rhion dygynt roglau per
Assyria, ac eu Ner y doethion lleddv

" * Gwela Psalm lxxx. 8—14."

A geisynt! ai, yn eddain uwch ei bèn,
A sylwych màn y taenai aden wèn
Colomen flwch ogoniant odd y nev?
Merch Tsïon! ter vrenines! llawenâa!
Dygurer law, gàn elwch dercher lais!
Dyddawa eve,—ond nid mewn rhïawl vri,
Y dalaith valch, y Tyriain doron rudd;
Nid flàm ei arv, oll eirian luch o bell,
Glw lluoedd, a phenadur rhyvel blwng.
Messiah doa:—taweled cynhen wyllt;
Doed hedd àr ddaiar rhag Tywysawg hedd!
Trydeimlant glwyv a nych ei dwyad mad,
Cythreuliaid cryn ing enaid blin llaesâant;
Trwy fauau ufern llathra lawen wawr,
Ac uwch gwyll maith trugaredd brydia ias."—P. 23.

We must here, though reluctantly, close our extracts from "Palestine," in order to leave room for a short specimen of the "Bard," which, for reasons already adverted to, has its peculiar claims on the Welsh reader; and there are some, no doubt, who will also give it a preference on account of the more national metre, adopted in the translation. Unfortunately, we can only afford space for the commencement of the Ode; and the happy manner, in which Mr. Pughe has transfused into his version the wild abruptness of the original, "Ruin seize thee &c.," cannot fail to be noticed, and the whole is executed, with the same spirit. As this poem of Gray's is so well known, we deem it unnecessary to transcribe the original lines.

"'Rheibied tranc ti, vrenin trwch!
'Càn drwst cei wae o dristwch;
'Trwy gad cei vrad àr dy vri,
'O gwydd, o gawdd banieri,
'Er i orvod, rudd yrva,
'Heiliaw hawl ei hwyl i dra.
'I ti ni ddora er tawr
'Gyvgaened wèn na phènawr,
'Ni weddant dy rinweddau, dreisiad! chwaith,
'Na letho arnat laith lwyth ovnau
'Nos, ac annosant nwydau Cymru lwys
'Dy enaid cudd gàn ddwys gystuddiau*!'
Diasbed seiniau arswyd syn
Vàl hyn yn rhyn rhuadwy

" * B. A. 1282. Cyrchai Iorwerth I. àr y Cymry, ac y deuai un o ei

Ar wysg rhwysg Iorwerth certh y taenai
Vraw, am Eryri draw pan droai
Fordd ei osgordd vaith, daith ddiervai:
Dewr lyw Caerloew dilavar savai *:
Arvwn! Mortimer goralwai, a phar
Ryn ias àr wanas argyveiriai †."—P. 41.

To give, in a few words, our general opinion of these translations, we have no hesitation in pronouncing them worthy of their author. The same native energy and beauty of diction, the same nice discernment in the choice of expressions, the same rejection of uncouth and vulgar phraseology, that distinguish *Coll Gwynva*, are conspicuous here. And the feeble termination of lines, to which we objected as a trivial blemish in the former poem, is not of such frequent occurrence in the publication before us, of which, we think, we may also say, that it adheres, more literally, to the sense of the originals than the Translation of Paradise Lost. We are also glad to observe, that Mr. Pughe has, on this occasion, very properly rejected the double F, so preposterously retained in our modern orthography, without one argument of reason or common sense in its favour. In a word, whoever admires our ancient language for those characteristics, for which it is chiefly valuable, will hail, with pleasure, this new illustration of them by one, so well qualified for the task.

Of the miscellaneous poems, some translations and others original, a few have already appeared in the CAMBRO-BRITON, and one will be found in a subsequent page. The remainder it is our intention to insert hereafter. The work, we should also mention, is very appropriately dedicated to those English gentlemen, that patronize a cultivation of the Welsh tongue; we say *appropriately*, since it appears to be one of Mr. Pughe's main objects, in all his writings, to instil into strangers such favourable, and, at the same time, correct ideas respecting our venerable language, as they are very unlikely to acquire from the generality of modern Welsh publications.

vyddinoedd gàn vrad, trwy avon Gwy, wrth y Buallt, ac yno ar warthav y tywysawg Llywelyn, ac y lladdid ev, Rhagvyr 10, 1282; ac aethai Iorwerth rhagddo i oresgynu Gwynedd; ac y daliai y tywysawg Davydd, ac y dygid i Amwythig, a dienyddid eve yno."

"* Hwn oedd Gilbert de Clar, à gyvcenwid Y Coch, Iarll Caerloew a Henfordd, mab-yn-nghyvraith i Iorwerth."

"† Edmond de Mortimer, Arlwydd Wigmor."

Awen Cymru.

A'th rodd yw athrwydd Awen.—Edm. Prys.

PENNILLION.

CI.

Y MAE clod ac anghlod yn gonglog,
A digon o degwch celwyddog;
Haws yw cael bran un gan ag y gog,
Nae yw adnabod dau-wynebog.

CII.

Bu yn agos i mi ddywedyd
Chwedl mawr, pe imi enyd;
Ond yn awr yr wyv yn canvod,
Mai da yw dant i attal tavod.

I HAV*.

Tı Hav, hoew nav y nwyvau,
Hwyva wres y vynwes vau,
I syniaw hynaws ènyd,
Ac er bod advywiad byd;
A hònav dy dirioni
Mawr, o rym nawd erom ni,
Ac anian yn eirianu
Gàn o vod y cyvnod cu
I eidiaw dy deleidion,
Ir a glas, gàn ias wyrv lòn;
Dolau gleision yn glwysaw
O liw ter gwiw freuon fraw;
Dy hinon lòn tiriona,
Er bod o hyd byd y da;
A syniav swyn o lwyni
Gàn gor dy ganorion di.

Idrison.

* We extract this from among the MANION in Mr. Owen Pughe's new volume of Poems, of which we give an account in this Number.—Ed.

English Poetry.

TRANSLATION OF THE PENNILLION.

CI.

In praise or blame no truth is found,
Whilst specious lies do so abound;
Sooner expect a tuneful crow,
Than man with double face to know.

CII.

My speech, until this very day,
Was ne'er so like to run astray:
But now I find, when going wrong,
My teeth of use to stop my tongue.

A CAMBRIAN MELODY.

Mourn for the days that are departed,
Mourn for the brave and noble-hearted,
Mourn, Cambria, mourn:
Mourn! for the bright day of thy glory
Lives alone in the minstrel's story:
Ne'er can it return.

Mighty names adorn thy pages,
Gallant warriors, bards, and sages,—
All, alas, are gone:
Yet are left in thy dominions
Spots, where Fame has spread her pinions,
Still to gaze upon.

Though Time's wing hath long swept o'er thee,
Though thou'rt fallen, we adore thee,
Mother of the brave!
On each lonely rock and mountain
Blood has flow'd as from a fountain,
Thou wert Freedom's grave.

Great were those, who died to save thee,
Deathless the renown they gave thee;
Peaceful in their urn

Sleep the brave and noble hearted;
Mourn for the days, that are departed,
Mourn, Cambria, mourn!

S. R. J.

ANOTHER.

On Carno's hills with nimble feet
The deer were wont to bound;
But Carno's hills no more repeat
The baying of the hound.
The noble youths, who chased the deer,
In battle have been slain;
And never to the morning's ear
Those sounds shall come again.

In Carno's groves 'tis dark and still;
The harp the minstrels shun,
Which sweetly rang o'er dale and hill
In praise of Grufydd's son.
Oh! when again shall music sweet,
Ring from the mellow horn;
Or from yon hills the deer's light feet
Sweep the cold dews of morn?

S. R. J.

The "VALE OF TYWY*."

Air—"*Over the Water.*"

I.

Sweet vale of the Tywy, how pleasant 'tis now
To gaze on thy beauties from Grongar's † high brow!
When thy soft lucid waters so peacefully run,
And thy wild-rose hath bared her white breast to the sun;
When thy groves are as calm, as when Merddin ‡ here rov'd,
And their shade is as still as the shade that he lov'd!

* Extracted from Mr. Parry's Second Number of "Welsh Melodies," and written by Mr. Jones of Swansea, author of "Lorin, or the Wanderer in Wales."—Ed.

† A mountain in Carmarthenshire."

‡ *Merddin*, the Bard of Ambrossius—a celebrated poet, who flourished

When thy own native lark, in the morning's young ray,
Trills a matin salute to the bright God of Day;
And thy glens are exulting to echo the lay!

II.

Oh! how much unlike that fell day to the brave,
When the blood of thy TUDOR* so crimson'd the wave,
And the snakes † of ingratitude, hissing accurs'd,
Wreath'd round the red hand of the viper he nurs'd!
But that day is gone by, and 'tis now like a dream,
To suppose such a day ever honoured thy stream:
Where thy own native lark in the morning's young ray,
Trills a matin salute to the bright God of Day,
And thy glens are exulting to echo the lay!

III.

There is not a spot so delicious on earth,
To the bosom of rest, as the spot of its birth,
Where we've sung a gay couplet, or breath'd a love tale,
To the fair little nymphs of our dear native vale;
And no where doth nature more bountiful shine
On a vale of this world, my sweet Tywy, than thine;
Where thy own native lark, in the morning's young ray,
Trills a matin salute to the bright God of Day,
And thy glens are exulting to echo the lay!

Monthly Register.

CYMMRODORION IN LONDON.

THIS Society has recently made some essential progress towards the promotion of the design, for which it was originally instituted, in the purchase of a considerable portion of MSS.

about the middle of the fifth century. [There were two poets of this name. The other was Merddin ab Morvryn, commonly called Merddin Wyllt, who lived in the sixth century. There is a biographical memoir of him in the second volume of the CAMBRO-BRITON. p. 256.—ED.]

"* *Rhys ab Tewdwr*—Prince of South Wales in the eleventh century."

"† Alluding to *Einion ab Collwyn*, a Lord of Dyved, who joined *Iestyn ab Gwrgant*, against Rhys ab Tewdwr, and procuring assistance from the English court, the combined forces gave him battle at *Hirwæn Wrgant*, on the borders of Breconshire, where *Tewdwr* was defeated, taken prisoner, and put to death, being at the time upwards of ninety years old. [See vol. I. of the CAMBRO-BRITON, p. 213, for a notice of the event here alluded to.—ED.]

and printed books belonging to the late Mr. Owen Jones, the patriotic publisher of the Archaiology. The MSS. comprise numerous productions of the Welsh bards, subsequent to the period at which the Archaiology left off, down, we believe, to the reign of Elizabeth, some *Mabinogion*, and a variety of historical, genealogical, and miscellaneous treatises connected with Wales, and some of considerable interest. It is the intention of the Society, we believe, to make a selection from these for the purpose of continuing the Archaiology; and it is to be hoped, that they will experience, on this occasion, that patriotic co-operation, which is indispensable to the accomplishment of their purpose, and, especially, that the Societies in the country will see the policy of uniting their funds with those of the Cymmrodorion for the promotion of this national object. But we have a recollection, that Resolutions to this effect have already been very laudably adopted by some, at least, of the institutions, to which we allude.

In the course of the last fortnight the President of this Society has received a letter from the "Royal Society of Antiquaries," at Paris, intimating their wish to open a correspondence with the Cymmrodorion, and accompanied by the third volume of their "Memoirs." We hope in our next to be able to give a more particular account of this communication, as well as of the "Memoirs," from which we will extract any thing, that may have a reference to the particular views of this publication. In the mean time it is gratifying to be able to state, even thus generally, that there is this prospect of a correspondence between the two Societies, that may ultimately prove productive of much benefit to the objects they have respectively in view.

CYMMRODORION IN POWYS.

We noticed incidentally, in our last Number, that a communication of some interest had recently been made by this Institution to the Cambrian Society in Dyved, but with the nature of which we were unacquainted. In consequence of the note we then subjoined, we have since been favoured by a friend with the proceedings, to which that communication had reference, and which took place, so long ago as the 16th of October, at a Committee-meeting held at Welshpool, under

the presidence of C. W. W. Wynn, Esq. M.P. and upon which occasion the following Resolutions, amongst others of less public interest, were passed:—

I. That this Society thankfully acknowledges the receipt of the Primary Report of the CYMMRODORION, or METROPOLITAN CAMBRIAN INSTITUTION, accompanied with a communication proposing an union between that Institution and the several Provincial Societies having similar objects in view.

II. That this Society, sensible of the advantages likely to result from the union recommended, with great readiness accedes to the proposal.

III. That, in acceding to such union, this Society proposes to co-operate with the Metropolitan Cambrian Institution, and the Provincial Societies, to the utmost extent of its means, in promoting their common objects, viz.—Collecting and publishing ancient British MSS. continuing the Welsh Archaiology*, and publishing Transactions, and such other works, as may throw light on the history, literature, and manners of the ancient British Nation.

IV. That the Proprietors of the different Collections of Welsh MSS. in Powys be respectfully requested to allow the Society to appoint a proper person to prepare a Catalogue of them, or to favour the Society with such a Catalogue;—the Catalogues to contain a description and contents of the several MSS. accompanied with such remarks on their subjects, and supposed Authors, &c. as may be deemed useful with a view to publication.

In compliance with the spirit of these Resolutions, a Circular was immediately transmitted by the Secretaries to the Members of the Society, and to the proprietors of Welsh MSS. within the district of Powys, inviting their co-operation towards promoting the objects above noticed; and it may be hoped, that, as more than four months have since passed away, the desired result has, in some degree at least, been produced. If not, we fear there must exist an inveterate supineness amongst our native mountains, which it will require more Resolutions, and more Circulars, to rouse into action. We wait, therefore, with some anxiety for information, whe-

* See the preceding article.—ED.

ther the "Proprietors of Welsh MSS. in Powys" (for there are several we know) have complied or not with the wishes of the Society*. In the mean time, the laudable *efforts* of the Cymmrodorion in Powys are worthy of our best commendation, as well as of being imitated by the other Welsh institutions.

Literary Announcements.

A WORK has recently been published under the title of "THE NORTHERN CAMBRIAN MOUNTAINS, *or a Tour through North Wales, describing the Scenery and general character of the Country*," which is, decidedly, the most splendid, and at the same time the most accurate, publication of this nature it ever fell to our lot to inspect. The views, which are coloured, are all of them of the most finished character, and, as far as our local knowledge carries us, perfectly faithful to the originals. They are, in number, thirty-nine, comprising some of the most interesting and romantic spots of North Wales, and are thus apportioned to the respective counties: Anglesey 1, Caernarvon 17, Denbigh 4, Flint 2, Merioneth 13, and Montgomery 2. Of these, eight are different views of Cader Idris and Snowdon, or of the places in their immediate vicinity, and some of them representing those celebrated mountains in their boldest and most characteristic features. To the several views are annexed brief descriptions; the whole of them, as for as our examination has gone, founded on the best information. We may also add, in the words of the Preface, that no "embellishments of composition, which always destroy the likeness, are introduced into any of the views." The engravings, which, generally speaking, deserve every praise, are by Turner, Compton, Robson, Gandy, Nicholson, Girtin, De Went, Fielding and Prout.

WE are enabled to inform our readers that the Work on Bardic Literature, entitled CYVRINACH BEIRDD YNYS PRYDAIN, proposed to be edited by Mr. Edward Williams, Bard, respecting which we have already given some particulars*, it is expected to be ready for publication in the course of the present month. Both Welsh and English Prospectusses of this interesting work have been circulated; of the latter of which the following is a copy. "In the Press, and speedily will be published, in the Welsh Language, THE ESOTERIC LITERATURE OF THE ANCIENT BRITISH BARDS under the Heads of, 1. Canons of the Poetical Criticism of the Bards.—2. Laws of Welsh Versification in all its varieties, and

* We hope the Secretaries of Powys will oblige us by some intelligence on this point.—ED.

† See CAMBRO-BRITON, vol. ii. pp. 286, 333, and No. 26, p. 227.—ED.

singular peculiarities from the remotest periods to the close of the 16th Century.—3. Laws, Polity, and Discipline of the Ancient Bards.—4. The Esoteric Mythology, and Theology of the Ancient British Bards or Druids.—Compiled from Ancient and authentic M. S. documents, and from the Bardic Voice Conventional or Guarded Oral Tradition of the ancient British Bards, still from time immemorial retained in the CHAIR, so termed, or Bardic Presidiality of Glamorgan, by Llewelyn Sion, about the year 1600; with augmentations by Edward David, about the year 1680, both Institutional Bards of the Chair of Glamorgan.—With Explanatory Notes, and an Historical and Critical Introduction, by the Editor."

Mr. GEE, Printer, Denbigh, has sent forth PROPOSALS for publishing by subscription "The Book of Common Prayer of the United Church of England and Ireland" in English and Welsh in concurrent Colums; by means of which, persons, imperfectly acquainted with either tongue, may, on attending Divine service, used therein, not only comprehend what they hear, but also gain a knowledge of the language. The same Printer has likewise issued Proposals for publishing in a similar manner a neat pocket edition of the NEW TESTAMENT, having the English and Welsh in concurrent colums, with the usual marginal references in narrow columns between them. The subscription list for the former work is already honoured in a very liberal manner with the names of Sir W. W. Wynn, Bart., Sir Thos. Mostyn, Sir John Williams, Sir J. Huddart, Joseph Ablett, Esq. Col. Hughes, The Dean of Bangor, The Dean of St. Asaph, The Archdeacon of Merioneth, Rev. R. Williams, Bangor, &c. &c. And the latter is expected to receive a similiar liberal and extensive patronage.

PROPOSALS have also issued fom the office of Mr. WILLIAMS, Printer, Brecon, for publishing a new Edition of Warrington's HISTORY OF WALES. "This work," the prospectus observes, "commences with a review of the British History previous to the Invasion of this Country by Julius Cæsar (fifty years before the Christian era) and then proceeds to investigate the motives of policy, to trace back the effects to their causes, to delineate personal, or national characters, and to digest the materials of the narration in that perspicuous order, which is essential to the grace and utility of historical composition, and which is performed with such impartiality, that the author's country cannot be discovered in his writings; but he candidly declares himself to be an Englishman, and says that "whatever prejudices may be discovered in this work in favour of the Welsh, it has neither the partiality of an author to his subject, nor the prejudice of a native; but the voluntary tribute of justice and humanity, which is due to the cause of freedom, and the violated rights of nature."